FLYING SAUCER REVIEW

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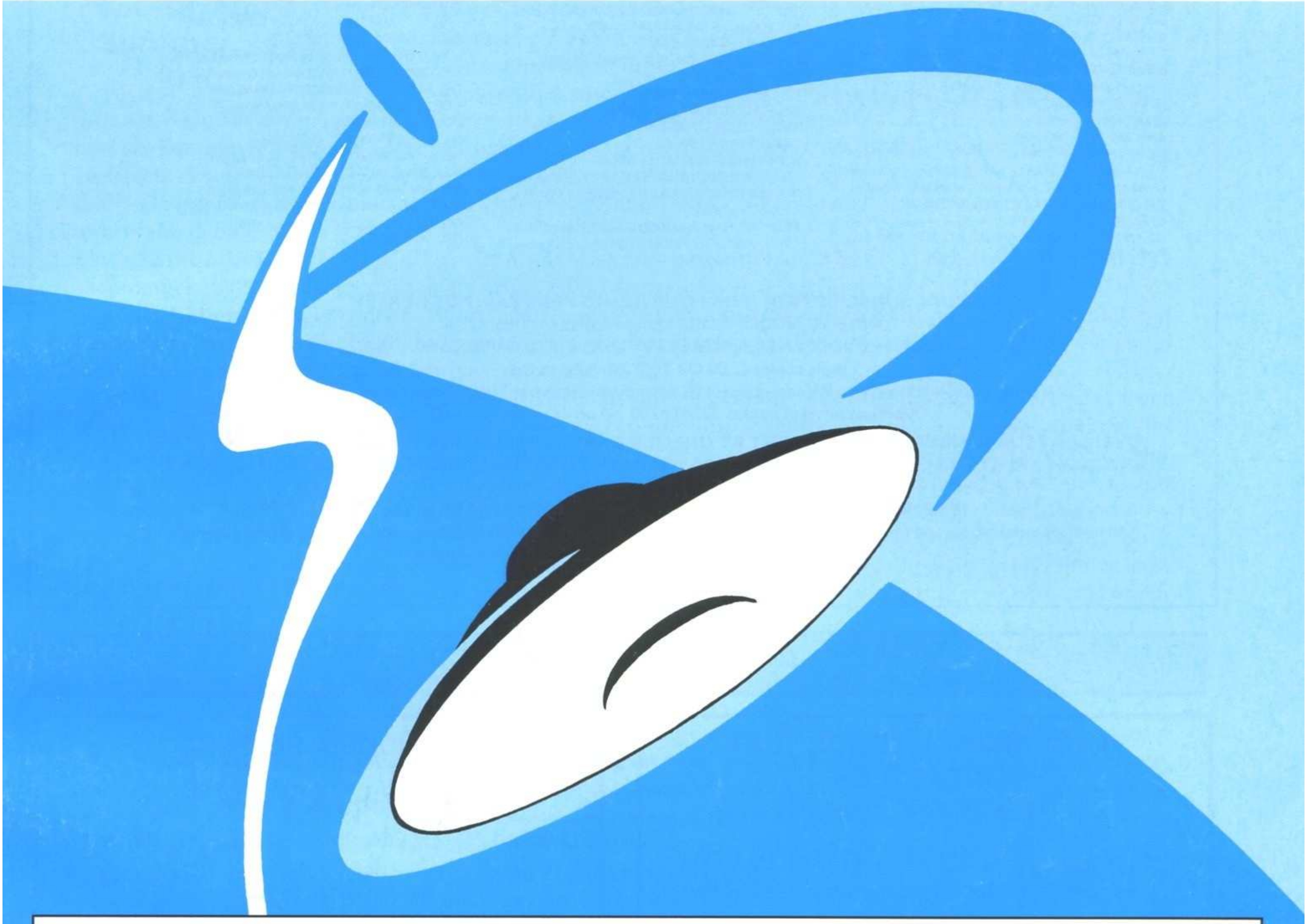

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FLYING SAUCER REVIEW

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Paperback **US $12.95**
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FORBIDDEN SCIENCE

By Dr. Jacques Vallée, PhD.

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ISBN 1-55643-125-2
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FLYING SAUCER REVIEW

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THE 'LINDA CORTILE' CASE

In a brief note on page 18 of FSR 37/3 I quoted a statement by Mr. Budd Hopkins about an extraordinary new abduction case in which, in November 1989, a large number of eyewitnesses had allegedly seen a woman being floated out through the closed window of a twelfth-floor apartment near the Brooklyn Bridge in New York City and taken up by aliens to a UFO hovering overhead.

Our colleague Mr. George Wingfield, in the course of several recent visits to the United States, has had opportunities for extensive discussions with both 'Linda Cortile', the lady in question, and the principal investigator Mr. Budd Hopkins, as well as with numerous other researchers and investigators from both sides of the extraordinarily heated debate that has inevitably developed over the authenticity of such an astonishing story.

George Wingfield's interim report, which we publish below, seems to me to present an excellent picture of how the debate stands at present.

In the MUFON UFO JOURNAL the whole affair was related at length by Budd Hopkins in issue No. 293 (September 1992), while issue No. 300 (April 1993) carried a *Rejoinder To Critique of Budd Hopkins* by MUFON Associate Editor Mr. Walt Andrus. Apart from these two important articles the quantity of peripheral material about the case is of course already enormous, but there would appear to be little point in inundating our pages with it and in any case we would not have the space for it.

My own personal guess would be that the event is entirely genuine. If so, the implications are vast. Over the past twenty years or so I have frequently discussed the question of whether or not there are alien beings that can pass a human through what we term "solid matter". It begins to look as though this is certainly true. But is it our *physical* body that is passed through doors and walls and glass windows, or is our "other body", postulated by many writers and investigators over the past two thousand years and known variously as the "*Augoeides*" or the "radiant body", or the "spiritual body", or the "astral body", or the "etheric body", or the "double"? (Both Hinduism and Buddhism have terms for it, in the Sanskrit, Tibetan, and Chinese languages. And I find at least seven terms in the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics that seem to relate to the various different bodies of which we are said to consist.)

If, however, as is claimed, numerous people actually observed the body of "Linda Cortile" up there in the air, then surely it must have been her *physical* body, since the human "astral" or "spiritual" body is usually said to be only visible to clairvoyants?

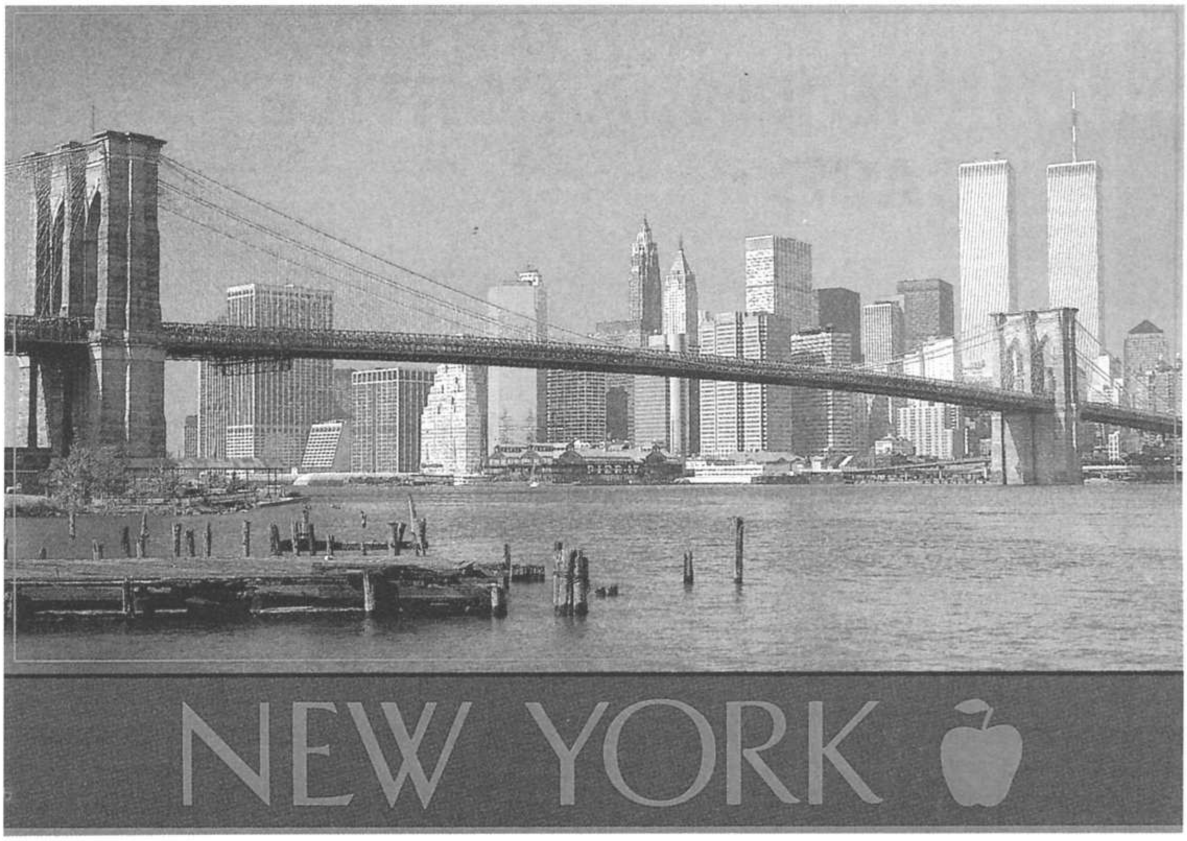
I understand that there is at least one other recent case where a human body was allegedly seen being taken through what we call a solid wall, and psychical researchers have long known of such cases. This is certainly a field of enquiry well worthy of attention. *For it looks as though we might be on the way to proving that a human being consists of more than one "body", just as the psychics and students of the Occult have always maintained.*

And that is also what all the Great Religions have always taught. If the present-day humans could begin to get some of these ideas into their thick skulls might it not bring about a change in the way in which we view our existence? And also perhaps an improvement in the way in which we treat each other, because it indicates a high probability that mankind does possess something that survives death. G.C. ■

LINDA'S UFO ABDUCTION: "THE CASE OF THE CENTURY"

© By George Wingfield, FSR Director and Consultant.

For those unfamiliar with the UFO abduction phenomenon in the U.S.A., first hand contact with victims of this widespread type of alien encounter comes as a shock. Frankly, one is asked to believe the unbelievable: if one does accept these abduction accounts as real, then one must also accept that humans are totally vulnerable to entities quite beyond our control. Many of us therefore prefer to think, more comfortably, that the reported abduction experience is something of a non-physical nature, perhaps akin to astral travel or near-death experience.



The Brooklyn Bridge:

Under the middle of the main span on the far side of the East River in Manhattan is Pier 17.

Linda's apartment building (also on far side) is just out of the photograph on the right.

Below: "Linda Cortile"

Anxious to discuss this dilemma, I put the point to Budd Hopkins when both of us were attending a conference in Lincoln, Nebraska,in May 1991. "Surely", I asked Budd, "there is no positive corroboration by uninvolved witnesses of any abductee being taken into a UFO at the time of a supposed abduction ?" "Not so", he declared, although he admitted that such reports were rare. Later that evening he outlined for me what has now become a *cause célèbre*– as regards UFO abductions: the Linda case, where several witnesses had apparently watched as a woman was taken out of a New York apartment building through a closed window and beamed up into a flying saucer, accompanied by three small grey aliens.

So engrossed was I by what I was told that we sat discussing this case in Budd's room late into the night together with several ladies who had also been at the conference. Realising it was after 3a.m., I got up remarking facetiously that we should all get to bed "since those little grey critters are probably lined up on the hotel roof, and they won't get a chance to do what they have to do....". At this, one girl, who I instantly realised was an abductee herself, let out a dreadful wail and everyone turned on me, condemning my heartless insensitivity. To many Americans theUFO abduction experience is a terrifying and immediate reality.

The case described concerned "Linda Cortile", a married woman from New York who believed that, since childhood, she had undergone UFO abduction experiences which hypnotic regression sessions with Hopkins had apparently confirmed. During the early hours of 30th November 1989, Linda had experienced what she took to be such an abduction, and later that day she telephoned him to tell of the experience. She had retired to bed, after completing household chores, in a different room from her husband, at about 3 a.m. Almost immediately she felt a numbness creeping over her. She then spotted in a corner of the bedroom a grey humanoid creature, and in an attempt to resist, flung a pillow at it, knocking it over. Swift paralysis followed and her last thoughts were: "Now I've made them mad —they'll take my children".

Next conscious memory was of dropping back on to her bed from a short height. She tried to rouse her husband and her two boys who all appeared completely still and lifeless. Terrified she held a mirror to one boy's mouth and was reassured to see moisture from his breath on the glass. Gradu-

"Linda Cortile" with Budd Hopkins

at the MUFON 1992 Symposium in Albuquerque (Photo by Walter H. Andrus,Jr., International Director of MUFON)

ally the three who slept resumed a normal breathing pattern.

RECALL UNDER HYPNOSIS

Later under hypnosis Linda recalled how, wearing just a long white nightgown, she had been taken by three or four grey aliens out through a closed window twelve floors above the street and floated up along a beam of light into a large disc-shaped UFO hovering over the building. There had followed a typical abduction-type physical examination where tiny hands and instruments had probed her body. The story so far was a typical UFO abduction case. But a new spin was to come when Hopkins received a typewritten letter a few weeks before the Nebraska conference from two New York police officers who signed themselves "Dan" and "Richard". They claimed that while sitting in a parked car under the FDR Drive expressway in Manhattan at 3.15 a.m. on November 30th, 1989 they had witnessed a woman in a long white gown being floated in mid-air along a beam of bluish white light into some kind of hovering craft. She was accompanied by 3 small ugly humanoids. Next the craft shot off upwards and to the south, flying silently over the Brooklyn Bridge and then plunging into the murky depths of the East River somewhere off Pier 17. Location, time and date left no doubt whatever that what had been seen was Linda's UFO abduction.

Over the next two years Budd Hopkins received letters and tapes from these witnesses and others relating to Linda's abduction. The case grew and grew and some who were worried that this was all an elaborate hoax were both puzzled and reassured at the ramifications which slowly developed. The so-called police officers were, it later became clear, part of a special unit chauffeuring a senior diplomatic figure to a heliport on the Lower East Side. He too had observed these events. This witness, the "third man", was rumoured to be no less a figure than Javier Perez de Cuellar, then Secretary General of the United Nations, something which Budd Hopkins will neither confirm or deny. Apparently other diplomatic cars had also suffered loss of power due to the presence of the UFO and had been stopped nearby.

A further person who claimed to have witnessed the abduction was"Janet Kimble" who wrote to Budd in November 1991. She had been driving towards Manhattan over the Brooklyn Bridge at 3.16 a.m.when her car too ground to a halt and the extraordinary scenario had presented itself just 500 yards away above Linda's apartment building. At first she thought the floating figures in the white beam of light were part of some night-time movie shoot. Perhaps *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* ? Others in cars behind, so far untraced, had also been immobilised on the bridge and were yelling and screaming in horror and disbelief.

Budd interviewed Janet Kimble and talked to her by phone at length. He was completely satisfied that she was a reliable witness. He has never directly met Richard or Dan, but Linda has met them both on several occasions since. Once they forcibly persuaded her to get in their car in downtown Manhattan and another time one of them took Linda to a beach house. Over the months Dan's

mental state, resulting from the encounter experience, has deteriorated. Richard's attitude to Linda has been supportive, perhaps even emotionally involved, but both have at times accused her of being "part alien". Their letters indicated that both had plumbed the depths of fear and guilt after the event —guilt since they had been unable to rescue Linda or take any action. However the long delay before they went to see Linda (whose apartment they had readily identified), or contacted Hopkins, does seem to be a weakness of the story.

A TRAP FOR HOPKINS?

In any case the lives of each member of the cast in this half–hidden drama have all been deeply affected.

Even now more details gradually come to light. Each of the witnesses has supplied drawings of what they saw of the abduction. Letters sent to Budd Hopkins reveal different styles of writing, English, and page format that show beyond doubt that different people are involved here. If this were a hoax it is one that is incredibly elaborate. But if it were a hoax who would be behind it and what would be their motive? Possibly CSICOP, and possibly an attempt to discredit Hopkins and debunk once and for all the UFO abduction phenomenon.

Naturally I have suggested this to Budd, but he is adamant that the evidence which has accumulated over the past two years when taken as a whole rules out this possibility. There is apparently much more evidence in his possession which he has yet to reveal. He has corresponded with the third man, the important diplomatic figure. He has traced the license plates of vehicles involved in the case. He has established that an extremely important top level meeting at the U.N. immediately preceded this event. He says that the case is exceptional because of the third man's presence and that it appears the abduction was deliberately staged for that man's benefit. All of this will be presented in a book by Budd on the case, which is to be published in the near future.

What on earth are we to make of this bizarre story? Certainly it has its weaknesses, but also strong points which are difficult to dismiss lightly. First and foremost no one can believe Budd Hopkins has contrived all this and even his enemies concede that essentially he is an honest man. Some critics have therefore suggested that the story is an elaborate hoax which has been devised and directed by Linda herself and that Hopkins is the dupe. This scenario, put forward by George Hansen, Richard Butler and Joe Stefula, and circulated on computer bulletin boards, seems highly unlikely. Orchestration of such a hoax would necessarily involve several different people and would be unlikely to remain a secret for long. Other critics, each with some preconceived view of the UFO abduction phenomenon, such as that abductees are pathological liars (Münchausen's syndrome) or that their experiences result from deep-seated guilt over widespread use of abortion (which has gone on in the U.S. over the last 30 years – the unborn foetuses corresponding to small alien greys in the "abductee's" guilt-ridden subconscious), prepare to leap forward to demolish Hopkins' claims.

THE BATTLE BEGINS

As with the Gulf Breeze case, the believers and the sceptics have lined up to do battle. Dr. David Jacobs and Dr. John Mack have written articles supporting Budd Hopkins, and Walt Andrus, the International Director of MUFON, has taken a similar stance. Phil Klass, George Hansen and Willy Smith emphatically state that the whole case is a hoax. **It is a hoax because ....it has to be a hoax, so far as they are concerned.** The more cautious of us, like Jerome Clark, Editor of *International UFO Reporter,* have suspended judgement until Budd Hopkins has had a chance to present all of the facts. What matters are the facts of the case, and there is much that must still be explored.

With this in mind I went to see Linda when I was in New York recently. For hours we talked about the various aspects of this extraordinary affair and it was inconceivable that this delightfuland extremely attractive lady –an aspect of the case which may have affected the perspective of some of those involved – could have contrived all this, à la Baron Münchausen, as some will allege. We walked on Pier 17, and looked out at the wide and rainy East River where Dan and Richard had watched the UFO, with Linda aboard, plunge never to reappear. She had no recollection of this part of her abduction drama.

Linda told of seeing the small grey humanoid alien in her room and flinging a pillow at it. From the pier she pointed out the position of her apartment building and our view across the intervening water below the Brooklyn Bridge was much the same as Janet Kimble's had been. Only now there was no UFO, no great beam of light, no trio of aliens suspended in mid-air with Linda in her long white nightie.

WHAT IS REALITY?

In the cold light of day the story seemed utterly unbelievable, totally unreal, like something taken from the wilder shores of science fiction. Yet, standing with Linda and knowing Budd, and having heard much much more besides from scores of others who have undergone the UFO abduction experience, one is forced to re–examine the very concepts of reality which one has always taken for granted. G.W. June 1993. ■

BOOK REVIEW: SECRET LIFE

By Prier Wintle, Cape Town Correspondent of UFO AFRINEWS, (Editor Cynthia Hind). ©

SECRET LIFE: FIRSTHAND ACCOUNTS OF UFO ABDUCTIONS, **by Dr David M. Jacobs, Ph.D., Published 1992, U.S. Edition (hardback) by Simon & Schuster, New York, $21.00, ISBN 0-671-74857-2. U.K. Edition (hardback), March 1992, published by Fourth Estate Ltd., 289 Westbourne Grove, London W11 2QA, £14.99. ISBN 1-85702-123-1.**

[Note by Editor FSR. This excellent report on a very important new book first appeared in Cynthia Hind's UFO AFRINEWS No. 7 (January 1993) and is reprinted here with the express permission of Editor Hind and of Mr. Wintle, to both of whom we express our thanks.

The author, Dr. David M. Jacobs, Ph.D., Associate Professor of History at Temple University, Philadelphia, USA, is a leading American academic authority on unidentified flying objects and abductions, and has already one other important book to his credit, *The UFO Controversy In America.* For some years past Dr. Jacobs has been the principal collaborator of Budd Hopkins in his intensive use of regressive hypnosis to help UFO victims.

This is not a speculative book about the *possibilities* of contact with alien beings! It is a book about contact that has already occurred, and the potential implications for mankind are utterly staggering. The Foreword is by no less a personage than Dr. John E. Mack, M.D., Professor of Psychiatry at Harvard Medical School, and this fact will help to guarantee that the book will provoke widespread open and honest debate on this "subject of ours" which is now going to have to be taken seriously.

Finally, I think our readers will like to know that the address of UFO AFRINEWS is: c/o GEMINI, P.O. Box MP49, Mount Pleasant, Harare, Zimbabwe.]

PRIER WINTLE'S REVIEW

"I think my overall feeling after reading this book was that with it Ufology has become a graduate discipline. An honours course professor could prescribe it as a text book and then issue a list of questions on it which students were to discuss critically. I propose to offer a few of these questions myself a little later in this review.

What makes it so valuable is the way it demonstrates that enough is now known about one aspect of the total UFO enigma, viz. the abduction phenomenon, for researchers to be able to recognize that it follows a regular pattern, and to be able to categorize this.

Never, before this stage is reached in any discipline, does it become possible to formulate truly testable scientific hypotheses. Till then all is guesswork, intuition and hunches. We still have a myriad questions of course; in fact we are really only right at the beginning of the road. But now it *is* a road, and we may begin to ask questions which lead somewhere.

Following the lead originally devised by psychologist Leo Sprinkle and carried further by Budd Hopkins [as described in the latter author's two books, *Missing Time* (New York, Marek 1981) and *Intruders* (New York, Random House 1987)] David Jacobs decided to follow an essentially therapeutic approach while interviewing and studying abductees. Though not then qualified as a psychotherapist himself, (he is Associate Professor of History at Temple University, Philadelphia, USA) he related to his subjects as essentially normal individuals who were, however, suffering from a form of post-traumatic shock. As such they should be treated with consideration, i.e. with a caring approach. At the same time, scientific objectivity was never lost sight of. He therefore became a qualified hypnotist, in order to be able to assist abduction victims to recall and come to terms with what they had been through. At the same time, what each one said was carefully recorded and later compared with what others had recounted. Gradually the patterns emerged.

As he describes it, there are essentially five stages in the whole abduction process.

The first of these is, of course, the initial taking of the person or persons concerned. The helplessness of victims at this stage is chillingly portrayed. It can occur at any time of the day or night, whether the subject is alone or with others (usually only a few others), in any locality, and no matter what activity he or she is engaged in. They may be asleep in bed, but also just as possibly driving a car.

The subject himself or herself becomes paralyzed, while others who may be present whom the aliens do not want are 'switched off'. One member of a couple making love may be removed and then returned some hours later, whereupon they will resume apparently from where they left off, with no conscious memory of what has happened, *at that time*.

A magical quality characterizes the procedure as the alien beings are able to enter through closed windows or walls. They prefer windows to walls, but the windows are usually shut. The journey to the abduction craft is upwards via a blueish beam of light and is an experience which induces severe nausea in the victim. It all sounds very like Peter Pan but David Jacobs is under no illusion that it really is just 'magic'. It is a real happening which results from the application of a superior technology.

Next comes, in all cases, a complete medical examination from toes to head. The subject has been forced to strip and lie on a table for this. When this routine check over is completed a slightly taller being takes over and two vital procedures follow. One is a hypnotic staring into the victim's eyes. Jacobs calls this process *Mindscan* and it appears to have two distinct purposes: first, to make all the contents of the victim's mind available to the scanner; second, to cause a bonding relationship to be established between them. The abductee may develop a feeling of love towards this alien.

The other procedure is a genital-sexual one. Women may have ova removed from their ovaries, or a foetus may be implanted in their womb. When this happens the foetus is later removed during a subsequent abduction, before the pregnancy runs to term.

Men are subjected to sperm sampling.

The third stage is involved with the results of the breeding program implied by the second stage. Abductees are taken to an incubatorium where they see hybrid foetuses.

Presumably they are the result of genetic engineering since actual intercourse with aliens does not usually take place. Abductees will also be asked to hold babies or older children who need human contact in order to thrive.

So far all the stages are invariable in the sense that they happen, and happen in this order, to all or almost all abductees. A fourth stage is more varied, and differs from case to case. Two abductees, strangers to each other, may be forced to have intercourse, supervised and observed by their captors. Experiments in gauging pain thresholds may be carried out. Everything is efficiently and clinically and purposefully carried on without evidence of any real concern for, or even interest in, the human beings who are being subjected to all this. Their feelings and the psychological effect upon their lives are not considered. The one overriding alien interest in us is in our breeding process. They reassure victims that there will be no pain, but this is to calm them for *their* purposes, not out of concern for them. Jacobs puts it succinctly: 'they express no interest in personal, social or family relationships... (nor) in politics, culture, economics or the rich and extraordinarily complex tapestry that makes up human relationships and societies. They do not ask even idle questions about this.'

The fifth stage is the return. The abductee will be told 'it's time to go now - hurry up.' His or her clothes will be put back on, sometimes inside out. There is no time to waste. Room must be made for the next human being on the assembly line.

What are we to think of all this?

Jacobs devotes parts III and IV of his book to this question. He discusses the effects on abductees' lives, initially when they don't know what has happened to them and later on when they do, and when they also realise it may happen again. What can they do to prevent it? Painfully little, it seems.

Who can they talk to about it? Most people treat their stories with ridicule. One aim of Jacobs' and Hopkins' work is to set up support groups. Somehow they must be enabled to get on with life and not be crippled by the experience. One can only applaud all of this.

I do not agree with everything Jacobs says in his final section on the search for meaning, subdivided into Answers and Questions. Nevertheless I am full of admiration for the lucid, objective way he sets the whole matter out so that we are never in doubt about what issues are involved and what the questions really are. This is where I feel it is a graduate level book. Till we know what questions to ask we are only at primary level. The book is also written throughout in a clear English which is a delight to read. Such presentation is a courtesy to readers and encourages the response of logical thought and questioning.

One such question must obviously be, do all true abduction experiences really take precisely this form? Is there only one genus of aliens, involving two groups of beings, one very small, the other a few inches taller, with the small beings obedient to the taller one? Jacobs thinks this is the true position. He attributes genuine memories of taller beings with dark hair, etc., to envisioning techniques practised by the aliens to make abductees willing to have intercourse with them. He rejects stories which are entirely unlike his overall paradigm, (omitting the medical examination, reproductive procedures, etc.) as fabrications. I suspect that one needs to preserve rather more of an open mind. There is some evidence of cultural variations in the experience. Jacobs' model is certainly valid for at least the majority of North American cases. Moreover North American cases make up the majority of all investigated cases, world wide. Nevertheless quite a substantial number of British cases are known, with a smaller percentage from other European countries.

Beings reported from Europe tend to be of average human size with Nordic type features. Nevertheless, they engage in the same procedures as the North American little beings. There also seem to be systematic variations in the accounts coming from South America. If these cultural differences are real, their full implications for the subjective or objective reality of the whole phenom-

enon is as yet unclear.

I also feel that Jacobs' rejection of Jacques Vallée's suggestion (see *Passport to Magonia*, Chicago, Henry Regnery, 1969 and *Dimensions*, Chicago, Contemporary Books, 1988.) that there is a connection between folk tales of abductions by fairies and 'little people' is too cavalier. He says the tales have been disconnected from their original social and cultural contact, to be offered as fact in a completely different milieu. Folklore is a dynamic process that is constantly changing. To get at whatever kernel of truth may be behind a tale is often quite impossible.

We sense the objective historian speaking as we read what Jacobs writes, and there is of course a kernel of truth in what he says. But possibly a psychological approach to the interpretation of myths may be more productive than an historical one. C.G. Jung's painstaking analyses have revealed the enormous relevance of various mythological characterizations to subjective mental states and mental development generally. Jacobs says the abductees are not telling stories they had previously heard from other people but relating accounts of events they believe happened to them. True — and true also that myths do not fit neatly into the pattern of the modern American way of life. But then neither do abductions, really, and Jacobs himself acknowledges that they too involve an 'altered' state of consciousness. Folklore may actually be very relevant.

We need to ask just what sort of state of consciousness abductees are in during their experience. No explicit post-hypnotic suggestion to forget what has occurred is given, yet the memory normally vanishes immediately return takes place. Jacobs attributes this to the fact that it is an 'altered' state of consciousness, without further discussion or explanation. It is well known that dreams, drugs and certain forms of meditation also induce altered states of consciousness. Exactly what relation (if any) these states have to the abduction state of consciousness is a question that merits very close investigation. Perhaps they could provide a clue to a way to control it, or at least to mitigate the sense of entire paralysis of the will and helplessness which abductees feel at present.

Jacobs mentions that the little beings appear to be wary of humans. They know that humans are physically stronger, and whenever an abductee is able to show some resistance they tend to stand back out of range. Moreover, although the aliens' technology is far in advance of ours and they show great capacity for learning and understanding, essentially they do not appear to be an intrinsically superior race. They have not shown evidence of creative, intuitive or aesthetic abilities. Dr. Jacobs sums it up ' given the right amount of information, human beings appear to be capable of understanding everything that the aliens are doing. Alien activities that at first seemed incomprehensible have become logical and rational as we have accumulated more information.' This, in fact, may be why they are so careful to carry on all their activity in secret, and why they give no true information about themselves to abductees who ask. (Occasionally, they give misleading information. More usually they evade or ignore questions).

Another thought worth pondering is the fact that with their technological superiority, they could have taken over our world with ease if they wanted to.

They have invaded and violated us, but by comparison with what could have happened, interference has been minimal. Moreover, what has been happening to all the hybrid babies they have been manufacturing? They have been doing it for fifty years now, so somewhere or other there are fifty-year old hybrids. They are not on Earth. Are we being exploited to populate some other planet? It makes you think, doesn't it?" ■

(from Page 18)

may have ben small and stunted. But he was a mighty soul! And to him FSR is grateful for the sound advice "Look at *everything*. Examine *everything*. *Believe nothing*".
In my library I also have another excellent book by Aimé Michel (with Jean-Paul Clébert). This does not deal with our disagreeable subject of UFOs. It is a *Histoire et Guide de la France Secrète* (History and Guide to the Secret and Hidden Side of France), published by Editions Planète in 1968.
(3) Dr. Pierre Guérin is here taking a fine swipe at two absurd French mountebanks who in 1979 brought out a fatuous book with the title *La Grande Peur Martienne: ou Enquête sur une Année au dessus de Tout Soupçon* (which in English would be something like "The Great Martian Scare: or an Enquiry into a Year Above Suspicion). France was at the time in the throes of a fearful new left-wing intellectual disease known as *"psychosociology*. The Marxist promoters of this malady, like their pals of CSICOP in the USA, were bent on proving that the talk about non-human entities in craft from God knows where was nothing but a stupid bourgeois myth, and our two worthy *"psychosociologists"* would show that Aimé Michel's books were nothing but a heap of terminal male bovine excretory material. Their book was a superb example of lying humbug. They hoped to deal the final blow to both Aimé Michel and UFO research in France. However today the book has already passed int oblivion, and it is years since I heard it mentioned, even as a joke.
To complete our account, we must mention that the heroic authors of "The Great Martian Scare" were Gérard Barthel and Jacques Brucker and -- quite appropriately -- their *chef-d'oeuvre* was printed by the "New Rationalist Press" in Paris and contained a preface from the eminent French "rationalist " (and who knows -- maybe Marxist?) astrophysicist in the CNRS (French National Council for Scientific Research), Evry Schatzman. Nobody will be surprised to hear that his preface starts out with an approving reference to Dr. Donald Menzel, the top American astronomer-debunker, who, as we have recently learned, was in all likelihood actually one of the leading members of *MJ-12* or whatever the secret American control body was called.
Those who would like to read a devastating analysis of the masterpiece of our two "psychosociologists" might enjoy a review by the well-known Italian UFO researcher Pier Luigi Sani, which appeared in *Il Giornale Dei Meraviglie* (Firenze), issues Nos. 166 and 167 (June, and July/August, 1986). I translated the review in full and published it in FSR 34/3 (Autumn 1989) under the title *The "Great Martian Scare"... of Two French Ufologists who "Now Think Better" and have Changed their Minds!*
On *"Psychosociology"*, see also my article, *The New "French Disease"*, in FSR 33/2 (Summer 1988)■

"I *CAN'T* EAT!": THE ALIEN THEATRE OF THE ABSURD

by J.D. Frodsham ©

The extremely distinguished author of this article, Professor J.D. Frodsham, MA, PhD, FAHA, is, among many other things, one of the most brilliant scholars in Classical Chinese in the Western World.

He went up to Cambridge as a Major Scholar of Emmanuel College, graduating with *quintuple* first-class honours in English and Oriental Languages. Since then he has held fellowships, chairs, and deanships, in numerous universities in Europe, America, the Middle East, Asia, and Australia. Well-known throughout Australia as a broadcaster, he is also the author of a dozen books and numerous articles. Among the books we will mention two that are well-known to us and that we hold to be absolutely outstanding: (1) *The First Chinese Embassy To The West* (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1974), and (2) *The Poems of Li Ho (790-816)* (Oxford University Press 1970). This second book, translations of the work of one of China's very greatest poets, has also recently been re-issued by North Point Press, San Francisco, under a new title: *Goddesses, Ghosts, And Demons: The Collected Poems of Li He** (1983).

Professor Frodsham is also the Foundation President of the Australasian Society of Psychical Research, and he maintains that unquestionably "our subject" of "Ufology" (a ghastly term) is closely linked to Parapsychology. On which point I personally have no shred of doubt whatsoever, and I am delighted to hear that at the big recent U.S. hush-hush Conference on UFO Abductions there was immensely strong evidence to indicate that numerous scientific researchers and academics are at last beginning to perceive that the "multidimensional theory" (*which we have been among the very first to espouse and promote*) is by far the most likely explanation for this whole pesky (and boring) "UFO Phenomenon" with which mankind has already been beset for nearly half a century.

As for Professor Frodsham, I declare without hesitation that he is one of the most important academic figures who have yet had the gumption and the courage to stand forth and range themselves with us.

Thank you, Professor Frodsham! We need folk like you! EDITOR.

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* The "amended" name of Li Ho according to the ridiculous new Communist Chinese system of romanisation of Chinese characters. G.C.

Sabrina Foden (pseudonym) first came to my attention in January 1990. She had been a friend of my daughter-in-law since she was six years old. The two girls had gone through school and college together, and were still firm friends. One evening, she went to the cinema with my third son and his wife to see *The Abyss*, a film which features a helpful alien who lives in the Marianas Trench, some 30,000 feet down. The film disturbed her sufficiently for her to confess, after the show, that she had had contact with aliens regularly since she was quite young. My son advised her to get in touch with me.

Sabrina turned out to b e a charming, intelligent young lady in her late twenties, with an engagingly easy manner, and a fine sense of humour. Certainly, there was nothing about her that suggested the wild-eyed, credulous contactee of the fifties. I found her matter-of-fact, somewhat sceptical attitude towards her experiences very reassuring, since it spoke volumes about her general emotional stability. Yet she not only asserted that she had been abducted; she maintained that her alien acquaintances pestered her in her work-place, as well as her home, to such an extent that the manager once had to reprimand her because of their comings and goings! Furthermore, these aliens were mostly - though by no means all - quite human in appearance, **apart from their three-fingered hands.** They bore no resemblance whatever to the Grays commonly encountered in American abductions. She referred to them as Blues, on account of the pale-blue cover-alls worn by their rank and file, almost like a uniform. Most importantly, she had not only conscious recollection of her encounters: she produced a lengthy diary in which she had painstakingly recorded her impressions for several years. It turned out later that she remembered about 40% of what had actually occurred. Given the numerous objections to the use of hypnosis by many Ufologists (e.g. Vallée), this written material is of the utmost importance. To invalidate it, one would have to prove that Sabrina was mentally disturbed; and this has been refuted by psychological testing.

After I had read the diary, I arranged for her to undergo thorough psychological testing by a distinguished clinical psychologist, who holds the

Chair of Psychology in one of our local universities. He reported that Sabrina was enviably normal in every respect, except for a sensitivity to human relations which was quite exceptional. She would have made an outstanding diplomat. Far from being psychotic, she was not even neurotic - a rare achievement these days, when one bed in four in our hospitals is occupied by victims of mental disorders, and Academia itself swarms with certifiable Marxists.

Thus encouraged, I began a series of hypnotic explorations with Sabrina, which ran from early January until early July, 1990. Sabrina turned out to be an excellent hypnotic subject, as one would have expected from her intelligence and powers of visualization, so over fifty sessions were held in all. The following excerpt is taken from Week 12. By this time, Sabrina was effortlessly attaining very deep trance in a matter of minutes. (Interestingly, during trance her body temperature would drop sharply, necessitating her needing blankets in Australian summer temperatures). As a matter of routine, I would suggest that if she attempted to fantasize, she would promptly wake up at once. On not one occasion did such premature awakening occur. As far as Sabrina's subconscious was concerned, she was telling the truth.

The events narrated here may seem startling, because they differ in many respects from the type of narrative we have grown used to hearing from the United States. Perhaps aliens behave differently in Western Australia. In any case, as I remarked earlier, these aliens are themselves unusual, being neither the usual reptilian type, nor yet the blond "Nordics" sometimes encountered.[1] **But let us remember that Betty Andreasson was told there were no less than seventy different races of aliens visiting Earth.** I am tempted to believe, from certain other evidence found elsewhere in Sabrina's narrative, that we may be perhaps dealing here with no less a race than Sitchin's *Anunnaki* themselves. This will be discussed in my forthcoming book.

Perhaps the most disquieting feature of this extraordinary report is the abduction of Sabrina in broad daylight from a crowded Mall. If this is true - and her story has never varied an iota in repeated tellings, often with weeks in between - then none of us is safe, anywhere. Is it any wonder that so many people go missing every year? One may note, incidentally, that the fact that her normally reliable watch was some two hours slow when she came back from her jaunt, completely scotches the theory, dear to J. Randles and others, that such abductions are merely psychical or mental events. (See J. Randles, 1988, *Abduction, London, Headline, 222.* "What we experience as an abduction is a vision. It is not really happening"...). Either Sabrina had been moved into another dimension, where time ran much more slowly than in ours, or else she had been travelling at considerable speed (superluminal, perhaps) during her absence.

Readers will note that the little farce about the alien's lost glove has the high strangeness and absurdity characteristic of so many of these stories. Perhaps Sabrina's glove will go down in UFO lore with Joe Simonton's famous pancakes! I suspect that even if she had refused to give it up, it would have vanished anyway. Why, one wonders, do they play these games? Is it part of the control system to which Vallée refers? Or do they, like djinns, have a devilish sense of humour?

The implications of this whole story reverberate disturbingly through the mind. Such is our ingrained refusal to have the comforting stage scenery of consensus reality shaken, that it takes several readings before the enormity of these events, recounted with such artless candour, strikes home. Ponder, for a while, for instance, the Visitor's remark, that "*she could not eat*". And then conjoin to this her statement that she "*was not really one of them.*" Perhaps the Visitor was lying - unlike Matilda's famous aunt the aliens are not known for their 'strict regard for truth' - and this statement was part of her theatre of the absurd. But she may have been telling the truth. In that case,is it possible that we have here either a hybrid, or else an abducted human, used as a contact, who has been physically altered in such a way that eating (and drinking, one assumes) is neither possible nor necessary?

"Sometimes such cogitations still amaze
The troubled midnight, and the noon's repose".

Only Mr. Adrian Berry, or a skeptic with nerves of iron and a skull to match, could fail to be disturbed by Sabrina's story.

In the following excerpt, names of places have been altered, in the interests of confidentiality. Note that all of this encounter, except for the actual abduction, had been remembered by Sabrina, and recorded *in detail* in her diary. She was almost as amazed to recall the abduction itself as I was to learn of it. Note also that my own comments are inserted in italics, within square brackets, to distinguish them from the verbatim transcript of this session.

Excerpts from the Verbatim Transcript of Session 34. (April 12, 1990)

J: I want you to tell me about the time when you met the woman during your lunch hour. The one who asked you about Strieber's *Communion.* [*This incident has been described, in part, in the diary*]. And you'll remember everything that happened. Can you remember how she approached you?

S: As I was just walking through the doorway out of the lunch bar. She approached me from the right side where the steps were. There were a few people around the foot of the steps before she came.

J: What street was this?

S: This was downstairs in X Arcade, just at the base of the steps from the Y Street Mall down to the

Z Street level. And she just came up and she was there at my side. I don't remember seeing her walking down the steps. Just that she took a step towards me and asked me what I thought of Strieber's novel. [*So the aliens and their aides-de-camp read Strieber! I refer the sceptical reader to Bruce Lee's alarming encounter with two small aliens reading* ***Communion*** *together in a Lexington Avenue bookstore. See* ***Ed Conroy, 1989, Report on Communion, New York, Avon Books, 17-21.*** *Lee, who was badly shaken by the meeting, compared them to "mad dogs"*].

J: Did she call it a novel?

S: No. She actually said, 'What do you think of Whitley Strieber's books?' The bluntness sort of took me aback a bit, and I had to think for a few seconds. [*Sabrina is disturbed by the woman's omission of the usual polite formalities that precede a conversation of this sort, with a stranger. Normally, only the mentally deranged behave like this*]. I just replied that I thought they were a lot better than some of the rubbish that's written. [*Her critical acumen is as refreshing as her scepticism.*] She never actually said 'his books on the alien visitors'. She never referred to them directly. It wasn't until much later that I thought, well he does write horror novels as well. But I never even thought of them [*at the time*]. She just assumed that I seemed to know what she meant. She then said she wanted me to go with her. And I said 'But where?' And she said, 'You know where.' And I said, 'Well, I couldn't possibly. I've just finished my lunch hour and I've to go back to work.' Then I said could we meet for lunch perhaps, another day. That's when she said, '*I can't eat.*' That comment took me aback again. I thought how did she know? [*that the aliens don't eat. S. knew because they had told her earlier.*] How did she know unless she is one? But I still didn't really think she really was.

J: Had she indicated she was an alien at any stage? Did she use the word 'alien'?

S: Not at that stage.

J: Can you describe her?

S: She was about my height, [5'6"] slender, pale-olive skin, dark brown, sort of wavy hair, just below the shoulders. Just an oval-shaped face, I suppose. She didn't have a short nose or a long nose. Just balanced features. Brown eyes, they weren't small. They were average to large. I think she even had a few freckles over her nose and cheeks. [*This is clearly not one of Hopkins's hybrids*].

J: Can you see her?

S: Sort of. It's not very clear. I can see her hair more than anything else.

J: Can you describe it?

S: It was layered, it was wavy. About shoulder length. Had a fringe and layered sides, and quite thick and wavy. Light-brown or mid-light brown. [*Ms. Randles should note Sabrina's powers of observation; this is not typical of an ASC, and hence another nail in the coffin of her theory.*]

J: What is she wearing?

S: She's wearing a sort of chequered shirt or blouse, and jeans.

J: Does she look normal?

S: Yes.

J: Did she know your name?

S: No, she never said my name. [*Illogical. She may well have known it, even though she did not utter it.*]

J: And what happens now?

S: She then said, 'Wouldn't it seem odd if I didn't eat?' and I said, 'Oh no, not at all.' [*The woman does not want even to risk attracting attention. They operate like spies moving in enemy territory*]. And then she walked towards the steps [*up to the Mall*] and she said, 'Don't follow me, because the contacts will see.' Someone will see. Something like she's got people around the place, and they would see someone was following her. [*A disquieting remark! How many of these aliens were there in the Mall? And why should they not be allowed to see that someone was following her, unless she feared that swift, retributive action might follow?*].

J: Did she say 'the contactees'?

S: No. She said 'the contacts'. [*Note S's precision.*]

J: [*Somewhat bemused by this*] 'Don't follow me or the contacts will see'?

S: Yes. I'm sure she used the word 'contacts'. And then she took a step up. And then she turned around, and she said, 'I'm not really one of them.' [*Alien?*] And I said, 'I didn't think you were.' No, even before she said that, she said 'You're one of us'. [*Puzzling. Unless she is implying that S. has also been enlisted in the service of the aliens.*] And that took me aback, because I've only ever heard that once before, in 1979, [*during an earlier abduction*] and that really made me think, 'Well, maybe she is one of them.' And then I thought about what she had said. And then I said to her, 'Well, I'm not really one of you; but if seeing your craft and seeing your people,' I said, 'makes me one, then yes, I am, I guess. It's like it becomes, not an obsession in your life, but it becomes a big part of your life.' [*Litotes! S. has devoted hundreds of hours to reflecting, very intelligently and lucidly, on her experiences. She has written over sixty letters to me, in two years, discussing various facets of her experiences.*]

J: You said this to her?

S: Yes. I was trying to tell her that I didn't physically feel I was actually one of them. And then she seemed to refer to something about my not going with her. She said it was a pity. She said 'I'd hoped you would this year.' I don't know what the year had to do with it.

J: What year was this?

S: '89. She wanted to see it happen in the year that she was there. [*On earth? Or in that particular city? Why this odd request? Are they rewarded for enlisting recruits to their cause? We should not overlook this aspect of voluntarism. It may be important. It occurs repeatedly in contactee reports.*]

J: What month? Do you remember the month?

S: February or March. Either late February or

early March.

J: And she said she wanted to see it happen?

S: Yes. She wanted to see it happen while she was there.

J: Did she seem very friendly?

S: Yes. But not overly friendly. Almost neutral.

J: Yet she was concerned about you?

S: Well, she said after that she or they would give me a year and then they would have to take me. [*Luckily, they have not kept their word. But why this threat?*]

J: Within a year?

S: After a year. She said I'd have no choice next time. They'd have to. But I don't know whether she meant for good, or just for a short amount of time and then... I'm getting this image of being in the Y Street Mall with her, but I don't remember going up the steps with her.

J: Never mind. Just follow the image.

Up to this point, most of the material that emerged under hypnosis was simply an expanded version of Sabrina's conscious recollections, as contained in her diary. This includes the whole of the conversation with the woman, reproduced above. But from this point on, the diaries are silent. As far as Sabrina remembered her disquieting conversation had ended with the woman walking up the steps, and telling her not to follow her, because of 'the contacts'. Sabrina had then returned to work. But under hypnosis, a very different story emerged.

S: We're standing in the Mall, we've walked over from the X Arcade entrance, down and across to the other side. There's people standing around and walking past us. It's crowded because it's early afternoon. And then she's saying to jump, and I have to jump with her, but I don't remember jumping, though I must have done, I suppose. If that's how they go up. They jump and then the vacuum that's there sucks them up, but the jumping gives them the impetus to be sucked up. So I'm just seeing myself very clearly standing in the Mall with her, and she's telling me to jump.

J: Now I want you to remember only exactly what happened. I don't want you to fantasize or to tell me a dream. [*At this trance depth, such a command is impossible to disregard.*] You'll have to keep strictly to what happened. Are you sure, absolutely sure, that this incident really occurred?

S: I remember seeing how sunny it was. [*Australian summer weather*]. It was so clear and sunny, and people were everywhere. It was very crowded. I noticed how crowded. And no one seemed to even notice us standing there. [*Had Sabrina been in an ASC, and talking to herself, as Jenny Randles and others would have us believe is typical of these case, she would most certainly have attracted attention*]. And she said they wouldn't notice because, when I said they would see us just suddenly go up or disappear or whatever, she said, quite calmly, that no one would notice. [*Implying complete control over what they want us to see or not see*] And I just remember how sunny the Mall was at that time.

J: Did you jump?

S: I don't know. [*An honest admission of ignorance*].

J: When I count to five, you'll remember everything very clearly. You won't be able to fantasize or dream. You'll tell me only what really actually and truly happened. [*'Wie es eigentlich gewesen', as the great historian, von Ranke, used to say. The UFO investigator must remember he is partly a historian.*] And you're back there in the Y Street Mall, close on a year ago. [*Counts to five*]. Now you'll remember very, very clearly.

S: [*With astonishment*] She leaps up, and she just disappears!

J: And you?

S: [*Still amazed*] I try it, and then I remember looking down and I'm twenty feet up from the Mall, and that's all. [*Meaning, she hasn't disappeared?*] The next moment, it's gone very dark and there's a small, darkened room and a voice is saying, 'You won't remember much.' [*As so often in these case, S. does not recall entering the craft*]. He said, 'Just remember you can do whatever you want to do.' That's what he was saying. 'All you have to do is to put your mind to it, and you can do whatever you want.' [*And ye shall be as gods...*]

J: So you were in a darkened room?

S: Mmm. The room is very dark. [*Her eyes have not yet adjusted after the sunniness of the Mall*].

J: Are you sitting up, standing or lying?

S: I'm standing, I think.

J: Who's talking to you?

S: It's a man.

J: Can you see him?

S: Yes. I can dimly make him out. He's Egyptian-looking,and he's got dark hair and large, black eyes. He's fairly tall, above average height, not overly tall, about six foot. He's not wearing pale-blue overalls [*like most of the Aliens Sabrina met*] but a slightly deeper blue, and it looks like there's some sort of pleat or something going down from his shoulders to the centre. [*Perhaps one of the upper echelons in this highly hierarchic and strictly disciplined society. One wonders what they make of modern democracy, football hooligans, royal divorces, et alia.*]

J: Is there anything on his head? [*To indicate his rank. S. had mentioned such headgear before.*]

S: No.

J: Is the room really dark?

S: Dim. Dim like this room. There's a doorway on the other side of him,and that's fairly bright. It looks as if the light's coming from there into the room and there's the old table [*i.e. familiar to her from previous trips*] there on the left, between him and the doorway. I think they were showing me how they just put their hands over things and the things worked...

(Here follows a lengthy account of the conversation with the alien. The narrative then resumes.)

S: It's time for me to go and I don't really want to go. It's fascinating watching them use their hands and their energy. And I want to stay and learn how to do that. They're saying for now I have to go back. [*Sabrina's ease is born of long acquaintance with them. She has been repeatedly abducted since she was around twelve months old.*]
J: How do they get you back?
S: I don't know how, but I'm seeing the picture of another room and the same square hatch-opening. And down there I can see the Mall. It's quite close actually, we must only be about twenty feet above it. It's strange that they're that close, and no one's looking up or even noticing.
J: If they did look up, what would they see?
S: Well, I would think [*unintelligible*]... Of course, if they've got the power to bend light then the people in the Mall should see [*nothing but*] the sky.
J: Exactly.
S: It's just unbelievable how close they can be! [*And also disturbing!*] And everyone is just carrying on like normal, walking up and down the Mall. I don't remember going back in the Mall, [*she did, later*] but I do remember going down the steps and going into the office.

From now on, most of the material that followed had been consciously remembered by Sabrina, and duly noted in her diary.
S: I don't have any recollection of any time passing. [*Typical of these trips to Magonia, c.f. Rip van Winkel*]. As far as I'm concerned, I'm on time, and I just walk in and go behind my desk and start work again. And then, about an hour or two later, my boss said to me - he has a very gentle nature about him - and he said, 'O.K. Tell me why you were late.' And I just looked at him, and I thought, 'I wasn't late'. I said to him, 'What are you talking about?' And he said, 'You're a couple of hours late, what happened?' And he said, 'Where were you and what were you doing?' And I started saying, 'I wasn't late.' As far as I knew, I was on time. And I said, 'I don't remember.' That's when I looked at my watch. My time was out to theirs by about two hours. [*A vital detail! Normally, in missing time cases, watches remain unaffected.*]
J: Your watch was slow?
S: Out. Mine was two hours or something behind theirs.
J: Did you show him your watch?
S: Yes. Because I said, 'Well look, you know, this is my time,' and he said, 'No, it's not. It's such and such a time.' [*Again confirming the objectivity of her experience.*]
J: I see.
S: And it was a new watch, so it couldn't possibly have been out. I thought perhaps the timing wasn't too good. [*Later she told me that the watch was still keeping perfect time.*]
J: You remembered nothing?
S: No. I thought he was having a joke at first. And I said, when I realised he wasn't, and that my watch was out, I said, 'Oh look, I'm sorry. I didn't do anything. I don't remember doing anything. All I did was eat my meal and come back.' But I didn't apologise because I still wasn't convinced that I'd been two hours away, and he wasn't entirely satisfied, though he thought it was a bit of a joke because I hadn't given him an adequate explanation. But I couldn't. It was funny. I mean, we were all laughing a bit about it, but I just couldn't work out why I was so late. I hadn't done anything [*untoward*].

(**A short break followed**).
J: I want you to go forward to the time when another man came into the office and showed you his hands. Do you remember that incident?
S: Oh, at the airline company in 1985.
J: Yes. Just tell me in your own words.
Here again, Sabrina possessed conscious recall of virtually all the following material. Hypnosis simply brought out further details.
S: I don't remember him coming into the office. All I remember is suddenly looking up, and there he was, on the other side of the counter. [*The aliens frequently materialize like this*]. And I suspected something was going on, because he had on the pale-blue uniform. Or someone had found out about the uniform and they were playing a practical joke. He looked sort of Arabic, or Anglo-Indian.
J: Or Egyptian?
S: Maybe yes. Sort of pale-olive skin though. It wasn't dark. [*In a case reported by Cynthia Hind, 1982,* ***African Encounters, Salisbury, Gemini, 172-98****, the aliens who invited Meagan Quezet to go off with them are described as dark-haired, with olive skin.*]
J: Like the girl in the Mall?
S: No. [*Note how she refuses to accept my suggestions. I was testing her. So much for those who assert that hypnotized subjects are simply complying with the hypnotists's wishes. S's strong character and independence were evident throughout these sessions. There was no leading her. She knew exactly what she'd seen and experienced, and stuck to her guns.*] He was darker than her. She was a lot lighter. And he said he wanted me to go with them, or go with him to the craft.
J: Do you think other people could see him or just you?
S: No, others could see him, because later when I was showing him around the office, one of the bosses came up and said, 'You shouldn't show strangers around the office. You shouldn't show people you don't know around the office.' [*Especially aliens! Another blow to Randles' theory that such encounters are purely subjective events*].

J: Can you describe the office? Was it an inner office or the general reception counter?
S: Well, initially he was in the reception area with me and then we walked into the inner office.

J: Yes.
S: And I kept thinking it was just a joke. But before I showed him into the inner office (where all the other offices were and the sales bench was - that was a semi-circular shape), he said he wanted me to go to their craft. I said, 'Where is it?' And he said it was out in the bush, but not too far away. And I said, Oh no, I couldn't because I was at work and I thought I couldn't possibly go. [*Invited to abscond, S. refuses because she has work to do! This is again curiously reminiscent of Cynthia Hind's case, where Meagan Quezet refused a similar invitation on the grounds that she had to look after her children. We may well be dealing with the same group.*] Then we got talking, and he showed me his hand. That's right. He had gloves on, and he took one off; and in fact he left it behind.
J: He left the glove behind?
S: Mmm.
J: Can you describe that glove?
S: It was pale-blue, and it was like a thick cloth, or like it was sort of knitted. But it wasn't knitted, it was woven. [*How would Ms. Randles explain this, one wonders?*]
J: Did it feel like cotton or some other material?
S: Yes. Sort of like a cotton, a thick cotton. [*Not Star Trek synthetic, note.*]
J: It is usual for a man to wear pale-blue gloves?
S: Yes. [*Not in my circle!*]
J: What did you do with the glove?
S: Well, I looked at it. Then he got talking about his hand and I said, 'Oh, you're missing a finger on both hands.' He said he had had them surgically removed to look like one of them. [*Implying he was a human being in their service?*] And I had a look at the side of his hand, and there was absolutely no scar at all, and I pointed that out. [*Note her common sense. This is no credulous contactee.*] I said, 'Oh, there's no scar.' And he said, 'Well yes, the surgeon did a good job, did an excellent job.' [*Why are these people so often such unconvincing liars? I suspect one has to be human to lie really well.*]
J: Was there a stump instead of a finger perhaps?
S: No, there was nothing. I mean, you'd think there would be a stump. It was smooth like yours.
J: It didn't have a gap or anything you'd have expected?
S: No.
J: [*Bemusedly*] So he really had only three fingers naturally on his hand. And the side of the hand,or the side of the palm flowed naturally out. Afterwards, when I wake you up, I want you to draw this for me. [*She did*].
S: It was like he had no little finger, and the third finger was a bit shorter than ours.
J: And the thumb?
S: It was normal. He had sort of stocky fingers.
J: Did you look at the palm of his hand at all?
S: I *saw* the palm. It was just normal like ours. [*Later S. told me she had seen but not examined his palm*].
J: Did he have lines on each palm?
S: Yes. I think so. Yes. Just quite normal-looking, except for that one missing digit.
J: What happened then?
S: I think he just left. [*After telling her nothing. This is no contactee's 'space-brother', but a real Trickster.*]
J: Did he say anything else of importance?
S: No.

[Break here, for conversation with alien visitor]

S: ...But he forgot his glove.
J: An absent-minded alien.
S: Mmm. And I remember the next day two investigators came and they...
J: How did you know they were investigators?
S: Well, I don't know who rang because I didn't ring [*the local UFO society*].
J: Clearly, nobody rang. [*Because she had told nobody of her experience*]. They were there even though nobody knew except you and you hadn't rung [*the UFO society*].
S: Unless the manager did; but I couldn't imagine him doing that.
J: Did the manager know that you were entertaining an alien?
S: No.
J: No. So the manager would be the last person to contact the UFO society. Let's just have a look at these investigators.
S: Well, two of them were the same as those after the '80 sighting that wanted to see the marks on my back. [*These two characters had turned up at her house after a sighting, claiming they were doctors from the local hospital. At their request, she undressed, and allowed herself to be examined. They then told her she had marks like Arabic writing on her back! Note the reference to 'ancient, Arabian weave', below. They are behaving like djinns from the Arabian Nights! What esoteric game is going on here?*].
J: [*Sarcastically*]. Oh, the so-called doctors?
S: Yes.
J: Did one have red hair?
S: I think so.
J: Well, we've seen him before, haven't we? He's a versatile chap.
S: There's the same blond one.
J: All right. And this time they're not doctors, they're investigators. [*Who appeared not to have aged a day, or even changed their clothes, in five years! We may envy them their perennial youth, even while deploring their sartorial impoverishment.*].
S: I'd thought they'd be journalists.
J: [*Unimpressed by the versatility of these tricksters*]. Journalists this time? And is there somebody else with them?
S: Yes, there's a third one.
J: What does he look like?
S: He's tall and he's got dark hair, dark-brown eyes and olive skin. He seemed more like a

scientist. I don't know why he seemed like a scientist. [*Telepathic suggestion to that effect?*]

J: And how did they introduce themselves to you?

S: They just came in and started talking. [*Like the woman in the Mall. As always, no manners! Either they don't understand us, or are contemptuous of our rituals. Perhaps they need courses in interpersonal communication.*]

J: You were at the receptionist's desk, were you?

S: Yes.

J: Did anyone else see them? Did anyone comment on them?

S: No. [*Nevertheless, pace Ms Randles, Persinger, et alia, they had an objective existence. Receptionists holding long conversations with void air soon attract attention in a busy airline office. Why, oh why, do these academic theorists never use their common sense?*]

J: They were just customers were they, as far as the staff were concerned? [*Ironically, this was an airline office! Had they come about a flight?*]

S: No. One of them, the scientist, came from the other doorway. [*Sabrina is inclined to split hairs at times. She is arguing that this man could not have been a customer, since he seemed to have had business with the manager. Note that deep trance does NOT dull the critical faculties.*]

J: Which other doorway?

S: The entrance into the reception area. And there's the doorway into the inner office and he came from that doorway.

J: As though he'd been where?

S: With one of the managers.

J: I see. He came from the manager's office.

S: Yes. Or from the inner office. [*Note her precision*].

J: Did you see him go into the inner office?

S: No. [*Yet everyone had to be approved by S. before being admitted*].

J: How do you think he got into the inner office?

S: He could have got into it from two other doorways. Unless he just materialised and appeared from that doorway. [*Precisely!*]

J: And the other two came in like customers, did they?

S: Yes.

J: And did they come together at the counter as a trio?

S: Yes. First of all the first two started talking, and then the third one came in after. I can't remember how they started the conversation.

J: Would you like to remember? Let's go back and try.

S: I'm not sure they... I'm starting to get a bit tired. I think they said that they believed I'd seen someone or something unusual yesterday. [*Really? A pity she didn't ask them how they knew.*] And then they wanted to know all about it.

J: Yes. Did they introduce themselves? Did they give you their names? Show you a card? Say where they were from?

S: No. [*'Manners makyth man'. Not aliens.*]

J: Did they dispense with the formalities?

S: Yes.

J: And what did you tell them?

S: I just told them what I saw, and then I said, 'Oh he left behind his glove,' because it was still there on the desk. So I gave him the glove, and that's when the scientist came in. And he said they'd have to take it to study it.

J: [*Sarcastically.*] Of course! What else?

S: And I said, Oh well, I didn't know whether he'd be coming back for it or not. And they seemed to think he wouldn't ever come back. [*Indeed? How did they know?*]

J: They knew that he wouldn't ever come back?

S: Yes. So they took the glove and that was it. They left after that.

J: Do you think what they had come for was the glove?

S: No, because they didn't mention it. Although they did ask if anything had been left behind,or if I had any evidence or proof. [*Had they been reading Ms Randles?*]

J: And when they'd gone?

S: Well, a few days later I was just thinking about it, thinking 'I wonder what they found out?' when the blond one came in. [*As though on cue*]. And he said, 'I shouldn't be telling you this, but the weave is a very ancient weave like the ancient, Arabian style.' [*The second allusion to Arabia. Is he trying to tell her something, in coded form?*] And he said, 'It matches up with that.' And then he went. And then a week after the first visit, the one in pale-blue came back asking for his glove. [*How they wander around our cities, these intrepid travellers! Is this their way of spending their off-duty hours, on R & R?*]

J: How embarrassing for you that you hadn't got it!

S: Yes. Well, I told him that some guys came round and they took it to study it. And he wanted to know if there was any way of getting it back. And I said I didn't know where it would be or... I said 'It's probably in the United States by now.'

J: [*Puzzled by this surreal conversation*] Why the United States?

S: I don't know.

J: Did they have American accents?

S: No.

J: It just occurred to you it might be the United States?

S: Yes. Maybe they said they were going to send it there. Or take it there. So he was a bit put out, because he said that was part of his uniform [!!!] and he had to have it. [*Perhaps he'd had his name taken on parade for being improperly dressed*]. And then he left. He really wasn't upset about it. He must have

had a spare one, or something. Then he left, and that was it. He was only there for a short time, only about five minutes.

J: Concerning all these interviews that you have with the alien who lost his glove and the three fearless investigators, I want you, when you wake up, [*she was in very deep trance*] to remember anything that was said that you consider particularly significant or important. It may be something quite small, some detail; or not just simply anything that was said, but also anything that may then have struck you as off. Or any missing time when you were talking to them.

S: [*After some reflection*] No, I can't.

J: [*Counts to five*]. All quite normal?

S: Yes. Quite normal, except I couldn't understand why the blond-headed one came back the second time. Why I wasn't supposed to know the results of the tests? Because he said, 'I shouldn't be telling you this. You're not supposed to know... It's all very hush-hush.' But I couldn't understand why they would want me not to know. I was the one that gave it to them. Surely I had a right to know. And I wasn't upset by it. It didn't worry me - the fact that it was an ancient, woven cloth or whatever. But I couldn't understand why they felt they had to keep it hush-hush from me. That annoyed me. [*She had taken the three men at face value*].

J: I'm going to ask you one more question, and this time it will be your subconscious that will answer. Your subconscious will answer through your fingers. You'll raise one finger if the answer is yes. Were these three men aliens?

S: Yes.

J: Were they friends of the man in the pale-blue coverall? Were they working with him, associated with him?

S: Yes.

J: Is there anything in that incident which you haven't remembered because it has been blocked or censored, which you haven't been able to tell me about?

S: No.

* * *

This remarkable session ended here. On reflection, I was struck by the sense of theatre displayed by these Visitors. The woman accosts Sabrina outside her place of work, utters dramatically enigmatic remarks ("*I can't eat*") and then abducts her in the midst of a crowd. She could just as easily have picked her up on a lonely road after dark, or from her own bedroom. Why then this little melodrama? Similarly, Three Fingers and the Wandering Trio could have stepped straight out of a play by Eugene Ionesco, perhaps entitled, *The Absent-minded Alien*. This sense of the absurd pervades most UFO literature. Re-reading *Flying Saucer Occupants* or *The Humanoids*, for example, one is left with the impression that many of these apparently chance meetings give the appearance of having been carefully staged by devotees of the theatre of the absurd. The Joe Simonton case (April 18, 1961), which I mentioned earlier, would itself provide a suitable title for such a play. (*Alien Cookies on the Chicken Farm*).

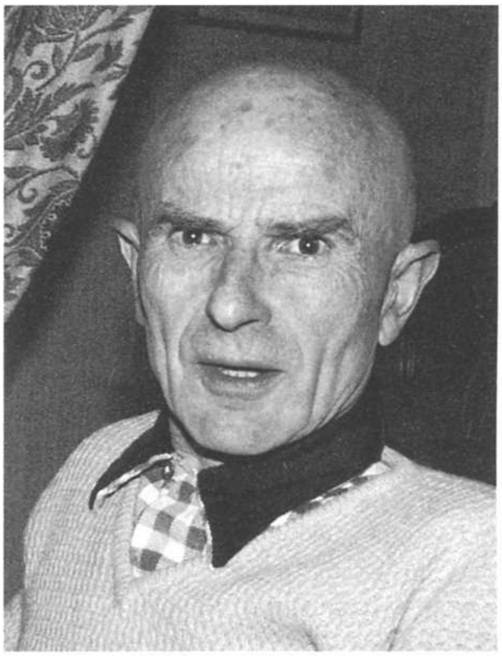
In short, Sabrina's narrative not only gives us a disquieting insight into the proximity of our alien Visitors; it also leaves us with the uneasy feeling that they have a sense of humour, which is being exercised at our expense. This humour, like the theatre of the absurd, can at times be truly diabolical, mutating into the theatre of cruelty. When one thinks, for example, of all the stress laid in today's society on human rights - especially women's rights - and the sacredness of the individual; on the enormity of rape, sexual harassment, and child abuse; on freedom, dignity and self-determination - when one contrasts this overblown, fashionable rhetoric with the brutal realities of the abduction situation, one is left with the impression that, in this alien theatre of the absurd, the joke is definitely on us.

[1] **NOTE BY EDITOR, FSR** Unusual, but by no means unknown. As long ago as March 1954, a Brazilian named Rubém Hellwig met five people from a machine shaped like a rugby football, all of whom could have easily passed as human beings. Perhaps they were Sitchin's *Anunnaki*. See G. Creighton, ***"The Humanoids in Latin America"***, in *The Humanoids*, 1974, Charles Bowen ed. Futura Publications, London, Case 5, 91-92. ■

"Knocks you all of a heap, it does!"

OBITUARY: AIMÉ MICHEL

By Dr. Pierre Guérin, French Astronomer, recently retired from the Institut d'Astrophysique, Paris; and Maître de Recherche in the CNRS (French National Centre For Scientific Research).



(*Translated from French. G.C.*)

FSR readers will be aware of the recent death, at the age of 73, of Aimé Michel, in his village of St. Vincent-les-Forts, in the Alpes de Haute Provence, in the early morning of December 28, 1992. He had been born there, on May 17, 1919, into a modestly placed farming family. Having suffered from polio in childhood, he was left with life-long physical effects, the growth of his lower limbs having been stunted, while his arms and torso remained unimpaired apart from some degree of spinal curvature. (He used to say that, had he not had this illness, he would have had the same athletic build as his brothers and would no doubt have been more inclined towards the material pleasures of life rather than towards philosophical introspection and scientific reflection.) He had the usual classical secondary education, and learned to read Latin and Greek texts. In order to overcome his physical handicap he forced himself to undertake difficult mountain climbs during his youth.

For a while he taught in a private school. Then he qualified as an acoustics engineer and went up to Paris where he worked as a journalist with the French Radio and Television Services.

At a very early date he began to take an interest in the "accursèd" subjects so fiercely rejected by the "rationalists" — paranormal phenomena, mystical manifestations — and, finally, *flying saucers*, which were just beginning to be talked about in Europe and became his favourite subject of study.

He became my friend, and remained my friend until his death. Among his other friends there were also a few other scientists who, for a time, and to varying degrees, "fellow-travelled" with him. We formed what was later called "*The Invisible College*".

It was during the summer of 1954 that, having been greatly intrigued for several years past by the flying saucer mystery, I bought Aimé Michel's first book, *Lueurs Sur Les Soucoupes Volantes*,[1] published by Maime.

In it I found some sighting reports that were completely convincing and some that were not and that related either to bolides or planets, but, above all, I found a writer, with an alert style and a lucid mind, who had the gift of knowing how to confront the "rationalist" with the evidence of his own contradictions, his own mental blocks, and his own dishonesties.

I considered that I absolutely must meet the author of the book, even if only, as a scientist myself, to advise him of certain errors to be avoided. But I also wanted to get some sort of idea of the validity of his sources.

I shall always remember our first meeting, when I saw, coming towards me, this little man with limbs withered by polio, but broad-chested despite curvature, and with an impish and forceful face lit by piercing and bright, intelligent eyes that put me in mind of Picasso. Our friendship dated from that moment, and never would it flag.

As I have said, Aimé was interested in all the "accursèd" subjects: the paranormal, the manifestations of mysticism, of which there had for some years been a good deal of talk in Europe, and which were his favourite subject of study.

His second book, *Mystérieux Objets Célèstes*[2], was concerned with the critical study of the French UFO Wave of 1954 and based on the innumerable press reports of the period. And there were in due course two further, enlarged, editions of it.

Aimé also wrote the "*For*" booklet of a "*Pro And Con*" discussion of flying saucers, in which he completely demolished his opponent who could produce no effective argument. Aimé also pub-

lished numerous brilliant polemical articles on UFOs in various reviews, particularly in *Planète*. Furthermore, he produced a book, which also ran into several editions, on mystical phenomena and manifestations.

There ensued a series of savage attacks against Aimé from the *rationalistic*" university intelligentsia of France, and these displayed a degree of violence such as is scarcely to be imagined.

And if these attacks finally ended by disheartening him totally, it was firstly and primarily because, by that time, although already well aware of the possible limitations of the human brain, Aimé was nonetheless still counting on the expectation that an official scientific study of the UFO Phenomenon *would* be made, and he was hoping that such a study would yield us some ideas regarding the method of propulsion of the unknown objects and would in any event provide us with the proof of their *physical reality*, and that this in turn would lead to the public recognition of that reality.

But Aimé was obliged to capitulate in the face of the evident fact that a formidable mental block was preventing the initiation of any such study in the realms of scientific research. Simultaneously it was also discovered that this mental block had the support and backing of a policy of secrecy and denial conducted by the Security Services of the U.S.A. — a policy that Aimé was one of the first people in France to denounce.

Nevertheless, for some years he continued to hope... Prior to our first manned voyage in Space, it was still possible to wonder and to ask oneself whether, despite the thinning of its atmosphere, the planet Mars might perhaps nevertheless have retained some higher form of life that had managed to adapt itself. This theory of Martian flying saucers offered some hope of a speedy solution of the problem, for we would soon be sending probes to Mars. Moreover, had there not also been the idea that some sort of correlation could be detected between the "Waves" of the flying saucers and the Red Planet's arrivals at the point of Opposition with the Earth? I recall that Aimé was greatly attached to that hope, which however ended in disappointment when it was known that there were no Martians and that the atmosphere of Mars was ten times thinner than we had thought. At about the same time we measured the temperature on Venus — the other "candidate" for Extraterrestrials. It was found to be as high as 500°C!

From then on the UFO Problem assumed a totally different aspect. Aimé very quickly realized that if the UFOs came from other planetary systems, then, in order to make the journey, they must have been utilising dimensions of Space-Time unknown to our physics and not actually "representable" to our minds. This meant such a scientific lead over mankind, and doubtless such an intellectual superiority, that any study of the matter could seem vain. This feeling of futility increased when it became clear that any public recognition of the existence of the flying saucers would for ever be excluded. And proof of this was provided by the "loaded dice" of the Condon Committee in the USA, and subsequently by the summary command to halt operations, imposed on the GEPAN. investigations in France.

Aimé Michel was now to contemplate the evaporation of all the hope that he had invested in the prospect of a scientific study of the UFO Phenomenon. He now knew that in his lifetime he would never learn the solution to the enigma, and he was sure that he had backed a loser.

Finally, the lying nature of the "messages" given to contactees — the deceptive side of this phenomenon which mocks us and refuses to permit direct proof — plus the long, persistent, nature of the UFO Phenomenon's ongoing intrusion, over centuries, into our environment — all this finally induced him to drop the entire subject — particularly as he was now greatly weakened by a grave illness, plus various personal worries.

Having withdrawn to the village where he had been born, from then on he never ceased to reply, to anyone who desired to listen, that in the final count *he knew nothing; that, throughout his entire life, he had been seeking for things that lie outside the four spatio-temporal dimensions available to our understanding — things that our very nature of being Homo Sapiens does not permit us to apprehend or to understand.*

Aimé Michel's life thus ended with a tragic sentiment of failure.

What remains of his work nevertheless is still broadly positive. While it is true that the "*Orthoteny*" (alignments of sites where UFOs wee observed) which he believed he had discovered, turned out to be an illusion due to estimates of probability as well as due to certain errors over places and dates, and while (like all other writers on UFOs) he quoted in his books some sighting reports that turn out to have been due to known objects or known phenomena and not to UFOs at all, the fact remains that, as a whole, his account of the Great UFO Wave of 1954 *is accurate and objective*.

And no alteration of that objectivity is going to result from the botched up or deliberately slanted "investigations"(3) of a pair of crooked scribblers hired by the Rationalist Union to "demolish" Aimé Michel's achievement.

So, let us sum up: you can say, straight away, right at the outset, that Aimé Michel was a splendid popularizer, both in the volume of his writings and in their content. He made the public at large aware of those facts that everybody *ought* to know about most of the subjects that Science does not always want to take into account.

Secondly, and above all, one can say that he was the very first person — at any rate to my knowledge — to have understood what would be implied by contact with an intelligence *that is higher and that is non-human*.

I believe that this is what will remain as the most significant — indeed as the most genially *inspired* — element of his work.

His ideas on this subject were set forth already in his second book, and he developed them and carried them forward again several times subsequently.

Here on Earth it is customary and normal for man, due to his brain and his intelligence, to be dominant over the other species of creatures, and consequently he naturally tends to believe in the omnipotence of his *Reason* for comprehension of the Universe. Now, the actual fact of the matter is that there are no grounds whatever for any argument that would permit us to think that, in the Cosmos, Biological Evolution has halted with the human level.

And if such beings superior to us do exist and do visit us (*which is virtually a statistical necessity given the immense number of stars that must possess a planetary system*), then some of them could be as far ahead of us mentally as we are ahead of our higher mammals — *and indeed even more so*.

Consequently, in Physics, they might manipulate certain concepts which — *by their very nature* — will always be "unformulatable" for us — which fact is dangerously liable to limit our own possible comprehension of the UFOs and of their occupants.

Others, long before Aimé Michel, had already conceived of the possibility that there might be thinking (i.e. the thinking of God, and of His Angels) that transcends human thinking. But Aimé Michel was, to my knowledge, the first to have introduced this "super-human hierarchisation" in the beings produced by Biological Evolution, by doing what he did — namely by knocking man off the pedestal on which he had installed himself.

But of course our human "*Intelligentsia*" are not prepared to pardon such a piece of insolence. And consequently Aimé Michel's ideas have scarcely begun yet to penetrate into the scientific field, which as a general rule remains totally inimical to them. Only a few radio astronomers — just very recently — have suggested that intelligent signals from an extraterrestrial civilization that, according to them, we might one day capture, *could possibly be indecipherable for us anyway*. But they don't go much further than that, and the idea does not yet occur to them that already now we might be confronted by the very problem here, with the visits of UFOs in our skies and on our soil.

And so it goes: the true precursors, like Aimé Michel, are always several decades ahead of their times. Does this mean that, like Aimé Michel, we should simply give up?

I refuse to believe so.

Our brain has not yet fired its last shots. If there are, on other planetary systems around distant stars, beings who are mentally totally ahead of us, there must on the other hand also be some who are only *slightly* ahead of us.

Maybe the UFOs conceived by these latter would seem, to the first-mentioned beings, to be as primitive as our own vehicles must appear to those who have just barely mastered the art of passing to other dimensions so as to be able to go to the stars.

Maybe we ourselves are on the very threshold of making this same leap. *We don't know*. And our research in theoretical physics is far from having pronounced its final word.

We are, after all, in our own home here, and it is *our duty* to exercise surveillance of all intrusions by "Foreigners" into our environment — and indeed of their *eventual implantation* — possibly — here on our planet.

(Something that Aimé Michel didn't want to believe in!).

And so it is that, now more than ever, Ufology has got to go on.

NOTES BY EDITOR, FSR

(1) The preface to this, Aimé Michel's first book was by the genial poet/playwright Jean Cocteau, famous for his marvellous remark that *"The only truly unbelievable and impossible thing about flying saucers would be if they did not exist!"* An English translation was put out in London in 1957 by Robert Hale under the title: *The Truth about Flying Saucers.* All of Aimé's work contains excellent accounts of many important but now wellnigh forgotten cases offering massive proof of the presence here of alien beings and alien vehicles.

(2) *A Propos des Soucoupes Volantes: Mystérieux Objet Célèstes.* First published in Paris in 1958 by Editions B. Arthaud. Enlarged fourth edition issued in Paris in 1966 by Editions Planète.

In 1958, Criterion Books, New York, brought out an American composite version of Aimé's work under the title of *Flying Saucers and the Straight Line Mystery,* with preface by General L.M. Chassin, French Air Force, General Air Defence Coordinator of Allied Air Forces, Central Europe (NATO)!

This is one of the most important early UFO books, and many folk today are careful not to refer to it. It is valuable because it gives, in English, a lot of the contents of Aimé's two books.

General Chassin, who, after retirement, later became the president of the first French civilian UFO investigative body, was a courageous advocate of our cause, and must have been quite a thorn in the side of French officialdom. *Note too that General Chassin was, when he wrote that preface, the Commander-in-Chief of the NATO Air Forces, Central Europe! (This was, of course, during the early days of NATO, when France was still one of our loyal members. Subsequent revelations have shown what a tragic thing it was for NATO and for all of Western Europe when the Soviets succeeded in infiltrating key agents into General de Gaulle's Government and Cabinet, and in spreading a venomous hatred - - which is still alive in France today - - against USA and Britain, the two allies without whom France could never have been liberated from the power of the Nazis).*

But did Macchiavelli not warn us (and who knew human nature better than he?) that it does not pay to do another man a favour -- for he will end up feeling obligated to you -- AND HE WILL HATE YOU FOR IT. America's crime was that she had bailed out France (and Britain too) in two World Wars! The British, too, hate them for it.

As Dr. Guérin has mentioned, Aimé Michel was crippled by polio, with very short legs, but robust and deep-chested. He came to England to visit us at FSR once or twice and was, throughout, our most loyal and active friend and supporter, and he wrote some fine articles for FSR.

Charles Bowen and I had our own nickname for him. We always greeted him as *"The Martian".* (Many French and South American UFO reports of that period habitually referred to the little alien critters as *"les Martiens")*

Our photograph, taken toward the end of his life, shows Aimé as hairless. This must assuredly have been the result of the chemo therapy treatment he underwent for cancer. *Aimé Michel's body*

(turn to Page 7)

THE WESTCOTT UFO

By Captain Gordon Millington, Retd., B.A. Hons., T. Cert. RAEC, FSR Consultant ©

The following is my Report of my interview, on September 1, 1992, with the witnesses, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Mackrell, of Dorking, Surrey, regarding an experience of ten years before (Saturday, April 17, 1982).

Mr. Mackrell's Statement to me, dated April 27, 1982: "Whilst driving along the A25 from Guildford to Dorking on Saturday 17.4.82., two very bright lights were sighted in the distance. The closer we got, we noticed the lights were not moving, they just stayed hovering above the trees. When we got to the trees the lights were shining through the trunks of the trees. We started going down the hill and the lights then became above us but still did not move. I slowed the car down, wondering what these lights were. As we reached the bottom of the hill and turned the corner we soon found out. There above us was a huge shape, something like a fat cigar. It had a red and green light on the front and green square lights running down the side, which I think must have been windows. I drove up the kerb with surprise. As we got to the other end of the shape we could not believe our eyes. There were two massive jet-like burners glowing. They were so big you could see into them. The shape was not moving and we heard no sound. It could only have been about 100 feet above us. I turned the car around as fast as I could and went back, but the shape had vanished completely out of sight." — (signed) P. Mackrell, HGV driver for MMB Dorking.

* * * * *

Although ten years had elapsed since the events it was still vivid in the memory of the witnesses. They stated that the lights first observed through the trees were white, like a pair of car headlights, and first seen at 11.15 p.m. At 11.20 the Mackrells were directly beneath and to the left of the UFO for about 30 seconds, during which time they looked into the "burners" at the rear and experienced an eerie "*cone of silence*" effect. (This memory was only recalled by them at the interview with me, but was not suggested by me). The UFO was above a field on the right of the A25 at Westcott (Grid Reference TQ 134484), a location about five and a half miles from Pitch Hill, where several previous UFO events have been reported.

Mrs. Mackrell, who was at the time of the incident Ms Christine Blackmore-Davey, the witness's fiancée, made the following tape-recorded statement for me:-

"We were on the road from Abinger Hammer. In the distance, in the sky, were two bright — very bright — white lights, which we immediately thought were car headlights. I probably watched these more than Peter, because he was doing the driving. It was something to watch, down that road. It was dark, and as we kept going round the bend we lost these lights but they would reappear again later. Eventually we went round a bend and they were there on our right, through the trees. We were making jokes about it being a UFO and about stopping and buying a cornetto, and perhaps it would land and be friendly. And it was all a big joke, never actually expecting that, when we came right to it and went past it, Peter would wind the window down and shout "*Christ! It's a UFO!*".

Immediately my legs went to jelly — I felt absolutely petrified, my whole body just felt like a jelly. He was going berserk, right up on the kerb, and I said "*Go back, go back*!" and I looked behind me and I said "*Go home, just keep driving*!" but he said "*No, I'm going back, I'm going back*!" and as we went past it I looked behind me, and there were two blooming great orange jet burners and that made me feel even more scared. It was so eerie, it was horrible, unbelievable. It was an evil-looking shape. All I wanted to do was go home, but not Peter, no! He had to turn the car round and go back. Now he turned the car round at the first opportunity. We had only been passing that thing about thirty seconds before, but now, as we came back, there was nothing there! It was as if we'd imagined it, there was nothing there.

We drove on, looking, *and then the cars started to turn up again, because all this time while we had been looking at those lights there hadn't been a single car and everything was still. And when I think about it now, it seems it was an unearthly sort of stillness as well, although it was peaceful, if you know what I mean, it was a peaceful sort of stillness. I wouldn't say it was a frightening stillness, and you didn't even realise that it had been still, until afterwards, when you suddenly realised that everything was busy again.*"

Mr. Mackrell confirmed the accuracy of his wife's account and said that his own reaction had rather been one of extreme excitement, "with the adrenalin pumping". He had been actively engaged in manoeuvring the car and had been too busy to feel anything other than a desire to see what was happening. There had been no question of any "*missing time*" and the couple arrived home as expected.

They had felt that the happening was of importance and ought to be reported. They phoned the Police, who told them to ring "the UFO department at Gatwick airport". (There is no such department, and this was a Constabulary joke.) They did phone Gatwick, and they think they were told also that there would have been no normal traffic in the area concerned at the time in question.

The UFO seen by them seemed to fill the entire length of the field above which it hovered, and was presumably of the "carrier" or "mother ship" type sometimes described.*

I felt that the witnesses were honest and sincere in their accounts of what they had seen, and I was moreover impressed by their sudden and belated recollection of the "*cone of silence*" phenomenon, of which of course they had never heard. Despite their obvious involvement at the time and their original interview with Omar Fowler, they had not taken any steps to find out more about UFO phenomena, though they had often talked about it together and in the family.

They asked about a good introductory book to read, and I suggested Timothy Good's "Above Top Secret", which was now available in paperback.

*** NOTE BY EDITOR, FSR.**
This case at Westcott is particularly reminiscent of the two huge things observed in Romania in 1990. (See FSR 37/1, pp.7-10) ■

THE SPANISH AIR FORCE UFO FILES

By Vicente-Juan Ballester Olmos (C.E.I. Spain, & FSR Consultant) ©

Since 1988 I have been engaged in a research project with my colleague Joan Plana dealing with (a) the history of the involvement of the Ministry of Defence and other state institutions in Spain with the UFO problem and (b) the collection and analysis of UFO experiences reported by military personnel, Civil Guard, and police.

An essential objective in this work has been to establish good contacts with the authorities, especially the Air Force, Army, Navy, Civil Aviation,and other bodies, in order to identify the UFO cases they might have in their archives, attempt to have them publicly disclosed, and offer a consultant role in their relationship with the UFO phenomenon.

The Air Force, of course, holds responsibility for control of the nation's air space, and it receives UFO reports from aircraft pilots, ground radar stations, and like sources. In Spain UFO reports of official origin were classified as "reserved matter" — secret, in other words — since March 1979. Until then UFO information was graded as confidential.

Official UFO files were known to exist in the Air Safety/Air Space Section, Air Force Headquarters, Madrid.

Opening Up

In 1990 I started to visit and correspond with officials in such headquarters, mainly the Public Relations Office and the Air Safety Section, bringing to the attention of the Chief of the Air Force Staff memoranda, reports, and arguments proving that (1) UFOs pose no threat to the national security and (2) UFOs represent a legitimate scientific problem, not a military one. In consequence, I argued, existing UFO documents should be declassified and the corresponding material should enter the public domain.

Over two years I developed multiple and close contacts with the Air Force at various levels, through personal meetings, mail, fax, and telephone. I provided a great deal of documentation showing that reliable, scientific treatments of UFO data existed beyond journalistic and popular coverage.

Finally, in May 1991, the colonel in charge of the Air Safety Section prepared an internal memo to the General, Division of Operations. The memo

mentioned my contacts with the Air Force, my role as a UFO researcher, and my requests. It summarized the procedures applied by the Air Force to the UFO subject, included a list of the 55 files that comprised the archives under his control, and explicitly concluded that the UFO files should be declassified and made public to interested parties.

This Informative Note started a declassification process which has been under my close scrutiny and surveillance since. In January 1992 responsibility for handling the UFO question by the Air Force was transferred (along with actual files) to the Mando Operativo Aereo (MOA — Aerial Operative Command in English). The MOA has prepared undated procedures on reporting and investigating UFO events witnessed by military personnel. In March the Joint Chiefs of the Staffs (Air Force, Army, and Navy top staff generals) decided to down-grade the UFO subject from secret to "internal reserve," a minor reserve level similar to Confidential, for which the Air Force Chief of the Staff has the power to declassify fully. Previously nothing could have been declassified without the prior approval of the JUJEM, Junta de Jefes de Estado Mayor (Joint Chiefs of the Staffs).

The August/September 1992 issue of *Revista de Aeronautica y Astronautica (Journal of Aeronautics and Astronautics)*, the official magazine of the Spanish Air Force, carried an article, "The Air Force and the UFOs," by Col. Angel Bastida, Intelligence Section, MOA. It recounted the history of the Air Force's involvement and presented statistics for 66 files for the period 1962 to 1991. (This higher number was a result of action on my 1991 recommendation that all Air Force regions submit to headquarters any UFO reports for centralization purposes before the declassification process was initiated.) The paper related that the declassification process was in effect and that once every individual report was reviewed, in chronological order, it would be proposed for actual declassification and disclosure.

This historical article made one reference to civilian ufology. The book *Los OVNIS y la Ciencia (UFOs and Science)*, by Miguel Guasp and me, was used to compare statistics from a national catalogue of 3500 UFO sightings developed by us with the yearly distribution of UFO sightings officially reported to the Air Force.

One of the mandated tasks of the MOA was to review each of the available UFO files and submit to the Air Force Staff Chief a proposal for declassification, where witness names, military investigators, names, and other sensitive information would be eliminated. The first official UFO reports were declassified in October 1992. The only censored information was the names — understandably. The files were disclosed in their entirety, including internal correspondence, radar trackings, transcriptions of pilot-ground control conversations, and more.

At this writing (January 15) eight files have been declassified already, covering UFO events up to September 1968 and totalling over 100 pages. The 66 pages may represent some 100 independent sightings, inasmuch as one file sometimes groups a number of reports that took place around the same time period.

Recent actions by MOA, with our encouragement, may yet unearth additional reports from various official sources (radar sites and air bases, for example). Progress in this area is underway.

We have established cooperation from some major defence establishments. We are living in an exciting time, and as I remarked to Walt Andrus recently, I feel as if I were in the eye of a hurricane. I see parallells in this opening-up process with Spain's transition from authoritarianism to democracy beginning in 1975. The way the Spanish military has handled this whole process is a model for others to follow.

As a result of the Ballester-Olmos and Plana civil investigation project, we have been able to gather over 300 UFO cases from military and police (only a small fraction were officially reported). Around 50 percent have been explained satisfactorily. The rest remain unidentified.

This general topic will be the subject of my lecture at the forthcoming MUFON UFO symposium, Richmond,Virginia, July 3-4. There I will detail the Spanish Air Force's UFO involvement and exhibit files, memos, procedures, and other military documents. ■

"LITTLE BLUE MEN" NAB RADIO HAMS

The Times of March 21, 1993, carried the following delightful little item:-

Police trying to trap a group of radio eavesdroppers came up with a plan that was out of this world.

Officers in Warrington,* Cheshire, fed up with people listening in to their messages, broadcast that a flying saucer had crash-landed in a field — and gave details of where to find it.

Radio messages about a huge glowing spacecraft were broadcast with the warning: *"Do not approach. It may be radioactive"*. The warning was followed by directions to the field in Appleton. The eavesdroppers arrived at the field within minutes, expecting to see little green men. They were arrested instead.

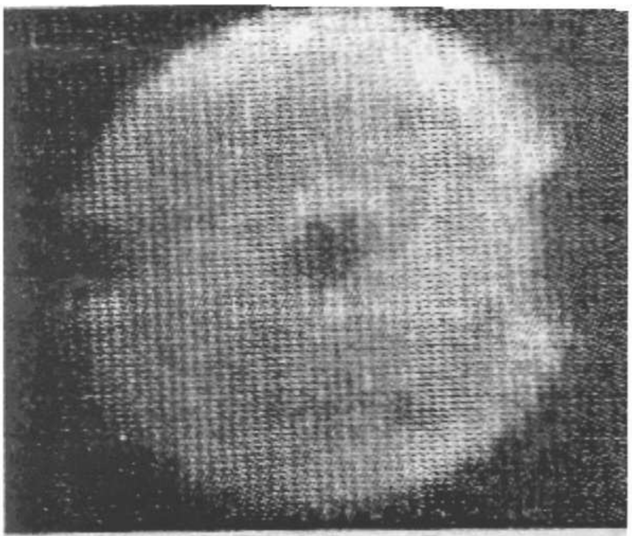
Police said five people had been reported to the Crown Prosecution Service for telecommunication offences. Scanning devices which can pick up police radio messages are widely available, but using them to listen to police transmissions is an offence.

* * * * *

(It occurs to us that Warrington is perilously near to the Mecca of all ufological research on this planet. Our fervent prayers have been offered in the hope that none of the Followers of the Prophet were among the victims of this dastardly action of the Fascist British "Cossack Police". Ed. FSR)

VIDEO FILM OF A UFO OVER CANBERRA (FEBRUARY 17, 1990)

By Gordon Creighton



ON TAPE: The UFO over Canberra

Mr. Zoran Ivanisevic, aged 45, a resident of Kambah, a southern suburb of the Australian Federal Capital, Canberra, was suffering from a neck injury and was unable to sleep. So, at about 5.15 a.m. on Saturday, February 17 1990, he decided to get up and go out into the garden and smoke a cigarette.

Arriving in the garden, he glimpsed what at first sight he took to be an unusual star, in the East. *"At first I thought it was a star. But I'd never seen one like that before! It was about ten times bigger than a star... like a type of disc."*

He called to his wife, Ljubica, to bring out their VHF video camera and film the object. (She had to do the filming, owing to his neck injury.) They filmed it for about 1 minutes, and went back into the house to play the tape. And they found that the video, with its automatic focus and aperture, provided a much clearer picture even than their visual sighting. Said Mr. Ivanisevic: "I realized that it was not a star. It was a bright circle, and in the middle there was a black hole".

The tape indeed shows a bright round light with small indentations on two opposite sides.

After watching the tape, Ivanisevic went back into the garden. But the object was gone.

He estimated that the thing was at a height of about 1500 m., possibly above the Queanbeyan district. He said it appeared to be hovering, and was "projecting its light primarily sideways, parallel with the horizon". He lost no time in giving details of the matter to an official of the Royal Australian Air Force (RAAF), and said that he would be handing over a copy of the tape for examination by the RAAF. Summing up, he said: "I've read about UFOs, and seen people on television talking about them. I always had a little bit of doubt about those people. But now I am changing my mind".

For our knowledge of this case we are indebted to FSR reader Mr Brian Richards of Murdoch University, Western Australia, who at once sent us the relevant press reports. Mr. Richards was able to provide many further details, including the fact that the video picture of the UFO had been relayed nation-wide throughout Australia on Terry Willessee's *"Coast To Coast"* programme (Channel 9). This went out at 11.00 p.m., most probably on the night of Saturday, February 17. Mr. Richards confirms that viewers who saw the programme were much impressed by the great clarity of the image. He also confirmed that what the witness had lent to the RAAF was merely a *copy* of the video. (As we all know, Australia has a peculiarly "bad record" owing to the considerable number of cases in which Australian officialdom has expressed an interest in films or photographs of UFOs and then obstinately refused to return them to their owners, sometimes even denying that they had ever received them!)

In due course Mr Brian Richards was able to telephone Mr Ivanisevic at his home in Canberra, and acquire various further precise details, so we are not dependent here on third-hand accounts or media stories only. In the twenty-minute 'phone interview, Mr Ivanisevic said that the UFO, at an angle of about 60° and, as he felt, possibly at an altitude of around 1500 metres, was, at arm's length, of the apparent size of a hand-span wide. He described the UFO as seeming to have "four indentations" on its under-side, plus a central "hole".

Mr Richards informs us that on the night of Sunday, February 18, the Australian TV Station 2CC ran a feature on the case, *in the course of which they also interviewed other witnesses of the same UFO.* When he wrote to the TV station enquiring whether copies of transcripts or tapes were available, their general manager replied negatively. *"Our Station's policy is to only release broadcast material in cases of legal intervention." (From Mr. Richards' letter dated March 20, 1990, to FSR) (Thanks and credit to FSR readers Brian Richards and H.F. Bradley)*

Press sources seen:-
Canberra Times, Canberra, 18/2/90
Daily News, Sydney, 19/2/90
The Age, Melbourne, 19/2/90
Daily Mirror, Sydney, 19/2/90. ■

"MISSING TIME" ON THE D47 IN NORTHERN FRANCE

("I don't know what happened to me...")

EXTRACT FROM LUMIERES DANS LA NUIT, NO.305 (SEPT./OCT.1990)
(Translation from French. G.C.)

One night in the early part of the summer of 1976, in northern France, Claude Damman was driving homewards in a small truck (Mercedes 206D, with a 9 h.p. Diesel engine).

At the southern limit of Steenvoorde, he was just preparing to leave the D48 and to turn left onto the D47, going southwards. It was at this point that he noticed, in the sky towards the WSW, a glow that seemed to him to be quite abnormal.

After the crossroads, he continued to watch this glow, now on his right. It was getting slightly nearer, and dropping as it came. He tried to figure out what it could be, and thought momentarily of the glow from blast-furnaces. But it wasn't that. He could see perfectly well that it wasn't that.

He pulled up near a windmill situated on the right-hand side of the road, and watched.

For thirteen years nobody knew a thing about the episode.

"At first", he says, "when it was approaching, it was a light with hazy edges, but when it halted, its edges were sharp. It lit up the ground underneath, and the windmill too....it lit up the whole area right as far as my truck. You could have read a newspaper".

The thing, of a uniform orange-red colour, was not more than about 120 m. or 150 m. from him, and its base, which was flat, was maybe no more than 10 m. or so from the ground.

Claude Damman had now got down from his truck and had approached nearer to the light, though...not too near...

The thing was still stationary there, behind the windmill. And this continued for a certain time.

Then, a few moments later, he returned to the truck, resolved to leave. But when he turned the ignition key, the engine refused to start. It was the first time that this had ever happened to him! Usually his truck started up at the first turn of the switch...

Since the truck refused to budge, Claude Damman got out again and went back to take another look at the thing. But now it began to move away, quite slowly, and rising slightly, in the direction from which it had arrived.

So Damman returned to the truck and tried the starter again. The engine started up straight away.

All of which had astounded Claude Damman, one may be sure, but what astounded him even more was the time when he got home and looked at the clock. *It was past 2 o'clock in the morning.* Now _ this was quite unbelievable. It ought to have been a lot earlier than that, given the time that it was when he had passed through Steenvoorde, given the amount of time that he recalled having spent in watching the phenomenon of the light, and given the distance that he still had to cover before he arrived home.

"I just couldn't grasp it", he told us. "I don't know...it was just like a sort of hole in the time...What struck me so forcibly was the time when I got home....and then, that business about my truck not starting up. And then, when I did move on again, I felt all queer for a while....."

He told his wife about the experience, but insisted that she speak to nobody else about it. And for thirteen years nobody knew a thing about the episode. Then, in 1989, by pure chance - a chance named Paulette Daudel - we were enabled to hear his recollection of it all. After having kept a total silence about it for 13 years, he gave us a relaxed account of the entire affair. He had realized (thanks for your help, Paulette!) that we weren't going to laugh at him, and I even got the impression that he was quite relieved to be able to relate his experience to somebody.

For some years past, this sort of experience has had a name: *MISSING TIME — in other words, a 'memory hole' but a 'memory hole' related to a close encounter.*

As to what we know about the phenomenon *— we know only the outer appearance. As to its true nature, that eludes us entirely.*

NOTE BY EDITOR, FSR

No- it no longer completely "eludes" us, and we know quite a lot more about "missing time", and what happens in it, than either we or the LDLN's Editor knew so recently as 1990 ■

THE VALLEY OF DEATH: CATTLE MUTILATIONS IN WILTSHIRE, ENGLAND (1992)

© *by Pat Delgado*

We reproduce the following paragraphs, with Mr. Pat Delgado's kind permission, from his *Crop Circles Newsletter* No. 8 of July 1992. EDITOR

Mr. Paul Martin of Marlborough sent me the following report.

Farmer Mr. Roger Harley of Manor Farm, East Kennett (near Marlborough, Wiltshire) has been reporting some strange events happening on an isolated part of his farm from early May of this year and they are still occurring.

In recent weeks and still continuing, villagers have been reporting strange moving and stationary lights up on the Downs at night to Mr. Harley.

Early some mornings when Mr. Harley goes to the Downs to tend his cattle, he has found previously padlocked gates lifted from their hinges and lying out in the field.

In the middle of May he found a steer lying dead in the field with no outside signs of injury. A vet was called and he stated the animal had died of a massive heart attack. This is very rare in stock animals especially a young steer. Farmer Harley has been farming for several years and this has never happened before.

On May 28th an even stranger incident occurred. Mr. Harley drove the one and a half miles to check his stock as usual and found another steer lying dead, this time he thought it may have symptoms of anthrax. Returning to his farmhouse he phoned the Ministry of Agriculture who sent their vet and who carried out a port mortem. To his astonishment he found the whole rib cage of the animal was crushed as were other bones and organs, again there were no visible signs of injury anywhere on the outside of the animal.

The vet's diagnosis was that the animal had been run over by something very large or hit by some massive force. The police were called but were as baffled by it all as Mr. Harley. They could only suggest that it was run over by a heavy vehicle but they could find no signs of wheel marks, wreckage or parts of a vehicle in the vicinity. Any vehicle that could do that much damage to a three quarters of a ton animal would have sustained some visible damage and may have become immobilised, but the overwhelming facts against a vehicle being involved are that, the animal showed no outside damage at all and the only gate into the field had remained padlocked.

Since these two events, twelve sheep were found dead one morning by the farmer in an adjacent field to that of the cows. The vet declared that each of the sheep appeared to have died of a sudden heart attack and simply fell over where they stood.

All this right in the centre of one of the main areas of crop circle creations.

Report ends.

I suggested to Paul Martin that we should visit these fields one evening and he readily agreed. He arranged with the farmer for us to go there on June 18th and this we did.

We drove as far as we could up a track leading to the area, then we walked about a mile up a rising valley and over the hilltop to the fields which formed the floor and sides of another valley. The time was about 8.30 p.m. and with the low sun and lengthening shadows, the large valley was extremely beautiful as we viewed the panorama from the western high ground.

I took some photos and checked the ground for noises with the tape recorder probes but the only sound recorded was a small amount of static.

We walked slowly down the fairly steep side of the field in which the sheep were grazing to a gap and gate in the bottom of the copse that divided the sheep field from that of the cows and steers. There were about fifty of these and they were some distance down the valley and a few were up on the top eastern side. Unchaining the gate, we went through and discovered a large stone about four feet square and three feet above the ground surrounded by nettles. I hand-dowsed the energies around it and found they were of considerable strength. I used the camcorder to record what was around us and could see the cows were remaining quite still in a line and watching us.

We decided to walk further along into the field and have a look at a second, even larger stone. I dowsed, took some still photos and used the camcorder. During this time the cows on the valley floor and those on the top suddenly turned as one and ran to the far end of the field. We continued our activities, watched a fox chasing a rabbit, took

more photos and it was then we noticed all of the cows were suddenly close to us. They came relentlessly onwards. It seemed they were under some kind of control for they completely encircled us with the swiftness of a military operation and I was still standing on the five feet square by three feet high stone.

The cows had formed a complete solid circle round us, five to six deep. I had no space to jump down and Paul was trapped standing by the stone so I said we had to get to the gate somehow but must not spook them. I gently got down between two animals and said something like, "Come on, make room!", and as we walked among them they were nudging and smelling us with their wet noses.

We walked steadily towards the gate which was about two hundred yards away and I remember hoping none of them would panic, otherwise we would be in trouble. They formed a half circle round us and one kept nudging me in the back so I turned round and held up my hands and shouted "Get back!", and they all stopped in unison. We walked on and they continued with us, the nearest ones about twelve to eighteen inches away. They all seemed huge, a lot of cow at three quarters of a ton each. The walk to the gate seemed endless and on reaching it the chain appeared reluctant to unfasten but with

"The cows had formed a complete solid circle round us five to six deep ... fifty is a lot of cow at three quarters of a ton each!"

more nudging from behind we were through and safely away from the wet noses, bulging bodies and expressionless eyes.

We cannot understand how they got so close to us so quickly and manoeuvred with such precision. I had the feeling we had been purposely escorted out of those fields. It was an enigmatic place, a mixture of serenity and foreboding.

We ended the long walk back to the car with a cup of coffee but finally found ourselves locked into the farmyard because someone had padlocked the entry gate. Luckily we were able to lift the metal gate off its hinges and swing it round on the fastening chains, drive through, replace the gate and off to freedom. ■

FSR MAILBAG

Reported "Saucer Nest" in New Zealand

Dear Editor, — When I sent you the material which you published in FSR 37/3 (*More UFO Reports From New Zealand*) I ought to have pointed out that Karekare, scene of the suspected "saucer nest", not being near to the Bay of Islands, it was the only item in the report that I had not investigated personally. I was relying on the opinions of Captain Cathie and Squadron-Leader Habgood that this was a genuine mystery, but apparently they had not really investigated it either.

However FSR reader Murray Bott (who had supplied the *Western Leader* with the original photo) got in touch with me as soon as he had seen the article in *FSR* and pointed out that the newspaper's report of the affair was inaccurate. The area of collapsed reeds was, he said, "not a circle, but more like a semi-circle", nor were the reeds arranged in a circular pattern. He has since discovered several similar patches of collapsed reeds, and has concluded that there was in every case a perfectly natural explanation. If publishing, please credit Murray Bott and MUFON, of which he is the N.Z. Director, for supplying this information and the enclosed newsclipping.

(Newsclipping not reproduced due to lack of space available. ED. FSR).

There do not seem to have been any genuine crop circles in New Zealand lately but only a couple of rather clumsy hoaxes.

Yours sincerely,
Gordon Tuckey,
(FSR Consultant, New Zealand),
P.O. Box 268,
Paihia, Bay of Islands,
New Zealand.
December 18, 1992.

Response to John White's Article

Dear Mr. Creighton, — In response to John White's article in FSR 37/2, and to Harry Edgington's letter in FSR 37/4 and your comments on that letter, I would like to say that I found John White's piece very interesting, and would like to read more of this type, including one by Mr. White on Lucifer/Satan, and that these articles by John White and Dan Lloyd (FSR 37/3), and your editorials, are what I find most interesting in the magazine.

One does not necessarily have to agree with, or even to understand, *all* aspects of these articles to be able to appreciate their original and thought-provoking qualities.

Yours sincerely,
J.A.G. Adams,
2 Brickyard Cottage,
Abbeycwmhir,
Llandrindod,
Powys, Wales, LD1 6PG.
March 21, 1993.

An Extended Viewpoint

Dear Mr.Creighton, — I enclose my cheque for £15 to renew my subscription and would like to add how very much pleasure I have received over the years from getting FSR and how beautifully it is presented.

Also I find that now, apart from the interest of the "sightings", you have achieved an extended viewpoint, of how to perceive the Universe in a new light... another "voyage of discovery".

May I wish you a continued success, and express my thanks.

Yours sincerely,
Joyce M. Leeke,
91 Birkdale,
Cooden, East Sussex,
TN39 3TG.
April 9, 1993.

More on Freixedo and his Books

Dear Mr. Creighton, — Permit me to thank you for the kind words and support toward my translation efforts which you expressed in the Spring 1993 issue of FSR (38/1) which were kindly relayed to me by Dr. Bert Schwarz.

Fortunately, you will not have to wait much longer for *Defendámonos de los Dioses* to appear in English. I completed the translation last summer, and it will appear this summer — if all goes well — from IllumiNet Press, P.O. Box 746, Avondale Estates, Georgia 30002, USA.

La Granja Humana (*The Human Farm*) and *Israël: Pueblo Contacto* (*Israel: A Contactee People*) have also been translated and are next in queue.

I will keep you updated on any further developments. Once more, many thanks for your support.

Sincerely,
Scott Corrales,
Scott Corrales Writing Consultants,
5423 Walnut Street, Apt. 1,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15232,
U.S.A.
April 14, 1993.

— And a Letter from Salvador Freixedo himself —

(Translation from Spanish. G.C.)

My Very Dear Friend, — I have just received the Spring Number of FSR (38/1) and once more I see my name in an important spot at the start of the journal — for which I must once again thank you for the great honour which it represents for me to figure so prominently in the world's most illustrious specialist review on the question of UFOs.

I think my book *Visionaries, Mystics, and Contactees* has been selling pretty well, and according to what the publisher tells me he is thinking of issuing a second edition straight away. It is true that the number of copies that he prints is small, but a start has been made with something anyway. He has also told me that in the autumn of this year he is planning to publish *Defendámonos*. (In English its title will be *Beware of the Gods*. I think this is a better title than "*Let Us Defend Ourselves Against The Gods*", which would be too long.)

Some time ago I sent you the second article by my wife Magdalena, on the things happening, and continuing to happen, in Puerto Rico. Should it interest you, you may of course publish it in full or in an abridged form. (We assuredly will — as soon as we can! Editor).

In the next two weeks we shall both be going to Argentina, where there has always been a great degree of UFO activity. We shall probably bring back with us some sort of report from there and we will send it to you.

I am also thinking of sending you a copy of an article of mine due to appear soon in the Spanish review ESPACIO Y TIEMPO (SPACE AND TIME). In it I try to make a thorough examination of the entire political content that has gradually been developing behind the UFO Phenomenon. I believe that at the present time there is a vast political background to it, but I also believe that this entire cover-up that for years past has been put across on the subject is going to collapse with a resounding crash. They can't keep so transcendental a fact as this secret much longer.

Here in Spain the Armed Forces are gradually revealing their own UFO archives that have hitherto been *secret*.* And the officer who has been entrusted with the task of doing this is Air Force Lt.-Colonel Angel Bastida. (And — oh coincidence! — it turns out that he is my nephew — my sister's son!).

Again, many thanks. I still plan to take a trip to England and Ireland, but there is always something new turning up that stops one from doing all that one would like to do.

Abrazos, and our greetings to your wife.

Salvador Freixedo,
Urb. El Mirador, chalet 21,
Cadalso de los Vidrios 28640,
Madrid.
May 18, 1993.

NOTE BY EDITOR: I have already received a vast amount of material on this (all of course in Spanish) from our other Spanish friends, FSR Consultants Sr. Vicente-Juan Ballester Olmos and Sr. Joan Plana Crivillén, and Sr.J.J. Benítez. This material, which will take some time to go through (I have only two eyes and two arms, contrary to what seems to be expected of me) but I note already that Sr. Crivillén has sent me the entire text of an article, *Los OVNIs y El Ejercito del Aire*, (*The UFOs And The Air Force*) by Lt.-Col. Angel Bastida himself, which was published in the Spanish air Force's journal *Revista de Aeronautica y Astronautica* for August/September 1992. And Sr. J.J. Benítez has sent me, *inter alia*, a ten-page article, written by himself, about Lt.-Col. Bastida's activities and revelations, and titled "*For The First Time In History A Military Officer Talks At The University About UFOs.*"

I emphasise that one can only attempt a résumé of all this material, given the limited resources of FSR, and it is hoped that such a résumé can be managed in due course. **(I beg leave however to doubt whether this material contains anything of any real value whatsoever apart from harmless details of encounters by Spanish aircraft with UFOs in Spain's Air-Space.** To that extent, I suggest, these "revelations", startling as they may seem to be, are in themselves only a part of the ongoing official cover-up and black-out. I'll bet they contain not one single word about abductions, about genetic tinkering and cross-breeding and about the forcible extraction of sperm and ova from humans, such as we now know is going on in other parts of the world, and most particularly in the United States of America. Were all *that* to be revealed suddenly in Spain, I agree with Sal Freixedo that it would produce such a terrible shock world-wide, that I tremble at the thought of its possible consequences for mankind.

Meanwhile, on this matter of the Spanish Air Force's "change of mind", I have much pleasure in publishing now an article in English, *The Spanish Air Force UFO Files*, by Vicente-Juan Ballester Olmos, which Vicente-Juan has himself very kindly and very thoughtfully sent to me. It will be found on page 20. G.C.

Another Letter From the Shropshire Astronomers

Dear Gordon, — I thank you for publishing our letter in FSR (37/4). Much appreciated. I am writing to tell you of a new project we are doing. I have set up and am running, an Astronomical BBS called Starbase Four. This is a BBS where astronomers, world-wide, log onto, to read and leave important information. Also there are many megabytes of Astro-Software for people to download. The thing is that I have taken this one step further, i.e., it is now a serious astro-board but I have also added a serious ufological area. This area is where ufologists can leave and collect important information and also enter into debate with astronomers on both subjects. There is also a UFO-file-related area where people can download information on sightings and other UFO projects.

I believe this is the first Astro/UFO Board in the United Kingdom. To access the Board you need a modem from v21 300 baud up to V32 9600 baud.

The BBS is open 24 hours a day and can be accessed on 0691 671900.

If you need any more information, let me know. I hope to get the UFO section to grow over the next month, and need plenty of good input.

Yours,
Pete Williamson,
Project Facilitator,
The Shropshire Astronomical Society (S.A.S.),
The Observatory,
Top Street,
Whittington, Shropshire, SY11 4DR.
May 4, 1993.

(Bravo! Surely indeed there must be some new "extended viewpoints" developing, for sadly I recall, over many years past, quite a few talks that I have given before clubs or societies containing not a few amateur astronomers, and I remember the ridicule that was encountered. I usually silenced much of this ridicule from the astronomers by retorting that, anyway, I wasn't a bit sure that *any part* of our "UFO Problem" necessarily derived from "our" observable three-dimensional Universe. But today this idea seems to be catching on at last. EDITOR).

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